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PHILOSOPHER OR FOOL?

SOCRATES THROUGH THE EYES OF ARISTOPHANES.

SOME of us perhaps still have occasional memories of the mingled wonder and delight with which, as children, we used to listen to the marvelous ways in which the old Bible worthies fulfilled the double destiny of serving their own day and generation, and at the same time becoming so many lights to lighten us gentiles of a later day. We wondered how we could ever go astray, with so many stars thus mercifully and providentially placed in our firmament, for it had never yet occurred to us—self-satisfied little Ptolemaists that we were—to doubt for an instant that the whole system of things is geocentric. Nor had we yet learned that, though Dianna with a similarly kind purpose had exalted to the heavens Orion and his dog Sirius, when overcome with earthly misfortunes, and the Pleiades, those seven distressed sisters, that from the calm of their serene

and eternal abodes they might smile a genial guidance upon the sea-faring Greeks, yet even in that early day of faith some were sceptical enough to doubt these kind offices, and trusting to their own headstrong wills found themselves at last upon the rocks.

"History repeats itself." Yes; this is our bright euphemistic little formula for dismissing all the inevitable blunders that persist in recurring and come to disturb our optimistic dreams. But can we not see the cruel irony that lurks beneath this innocent phrase?

Is this the wisdom of the ages—this modern paraphrase of that epitome of epicurean wisdom that fell from the withered lips of Ecclesiasticus of old—"There is nothing new under the sun?" Perhaps there is nothing new, perhaps life in its last analysis may be but a huge illustration of the old fable in which the serpent continually devours his own tail, and the Platonic cycle of government which drags its weary length through tyranny and aristocracy only to furnish a democratic tail for the tyrannical head again to devour, may after all be one of the old philosopher's truest insights. But such a conclusion at the very beginning of our story would suggest a detestable pessimism to come, and one would rightly drop it forthwith and, should he be fond of such unprofitable brooding, turn at once to Schopenhauer, where he might drink its bitter waters at the fountain-head rather than from such an out-of-the-way pool.

But why so long a prelude to our sketch of Aristophanes? Why such a dismal opening to a chapter of comedy? Perhaps we shall find it not all comedy if we read the tale aright; at all events it will do no harm to feel the mood as well as think the thought that led Shelley to exclaim, "Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." Perhaps again, by a most abominable *hysteron proteron*, the sermon has preceded the text, and we shall find that though the scenery and costumes have changed we are playing pretty much the same drama that called forth the deepest energies of Aristophanes and Socrates in the olden days.

Another great festival of Dionysus had come to an end. It was the feast of 423 B. C., and wearied by the elaborate trilogies of the tragedians, the relaxing populace, with one accord, had

given themselves over the jest and merriment of the Comic Muse. Tickled into gratitude, no less by the barley-groats, nuts and plums than by the clap-trap and noise of Cratinos, they had lauded him to the skies and he was gone to feast with the priest of Bacchus. And Aristophanes, his rival—yes, as Browning has it in the "Apology," he had swallowed "cloud-distilment, dew undimmed by any grape juice," had laughed his learnedest and in consequence must content himself with third place, while the old doating driveller has gone off with the prize. Vainly had he thought that truth might lurk in jest's disguise, without giving too much ache to the frivolous Athenian head, and so the "Clouds" had failed. But Socrates, who had throughout the play, watched on tip-toe, so they tell us, without shrinking from that interminable and unjust lampoon upon himself and the truths dearest to his heart, departed in sadness, for he was misunderstood and hated by the strongest man in Athens. The comedy was at an end and the delighted and ignorant populace was happy, but the first act of a stern tragedy had likewise been played, though without witnesses, the *finale* of which was consummated with the death of Socrates at the hands of his fellow-citizens.

Had we been in Athens at the time, we should probably have had some difficulty in passing judgment upon the merits of those two actors in the comedy thus sorrowfully turned into tragedy. We should have enjoyed the laugh with Aristophanes, as the inimitable genius of the "Clouds" disclosed itself, been persuaded, perhaps, that this Silenus like Socrates was a capital subject for a cartoon, and really deserved some chastisement at the hands of us men of the world, who are content to appear commonplace rather than be ludicrous by the possession of such senseless eccentricities. But none the less should we have fallen into tears as this white-haired, good-humored old fellow, of guileless ways and entertaining speech, so eloquently and yet so pathetically pleads his cause before the Athenian populace. Our tears would have been genuine, no doubt, and would have had the advantage of coming after the laugh; and then is it not absurd, to say nothing of the shame of it, to hurry out of existence

such an entertaining monstrosity, whose only sin was that he was guilty of entertaining a few unheard-of ideas? So it was that the Athenians repented and the world has sympathized to this day with this their last and truest mood.

But it was not so with Aristophanes. Little cared he for the man Socrates, for it was not against flesh and blood that he lifted his hand, but rather against the "principalities of darkness," whose forbidding shadows he already saw were settling down upon the happy, thoughtless city of his love; those "powers of the air" that hovered about him and yet eluded his most determined grasp; those same "harmless ideas" that seemed to have taken up their favored abode in that genius of Socrates, to which the strange fellow was always alluding.

Truly could it be said of Aristophanes:

"He deals with things—not men. His men are things—
Each represents a class, plays figurehead
And names the ship."

And so it was that Socrates played figurehead for the Sophists, that motley crew that must inevitably, sooner or later, find themselves upon the rocks.

If it were possible, how much better to let the struggle tell its own story in the words of those splendid contests or *agons*, which so fascinated the keenly dialectical and pugnacious Athenian in the very midst of the fun and frolic of Aristophanes' most abandoned buffoonery, for you must remember that he was never forgetful of his one great purpose, nor had it yet become the fashion to shut up everything didactic within the lids of ponderous tomes which the people never open. We should, perhaps, see too much through the poet's eyes, for he has a most persuasive way of putting his side of the struggle, but this might not be such a great misfortune after all, for we are all pledged to the support of Socrates, almost from our birth.

Well, Aristophanes was a typical conservative—*laudator temporis acti se puero*—with unbounded admiration for the men of Marathon, who obeyed orders without discussing them, and "only knew how to call for their barley cake and sing yo ho!"

Pledged to the old religion of his fathers, handed down from the days of Homer, a religion which had twined itself about their early rude beginnings like the ivies about an old English cathedral until all was beauty and grace, for ruthless hands to tear away its luxurious foliage of tradition, though on the pretence of cutting away the dead and dying leaves was to him a desecration that robbed life of all its meaning. He detested the prying curiosity that would dissect old beliefs and customs, that scientific mania that another poetical conservative describes as even "peeping and botanizing upon one's mother's grave," and so those subtle niceties of the Socratic dialect were a hideous jargon in his ears.

Have you ever seen the look of blank dismay, of incipient hatred, mingled with hopeless helplessness, on the face of some average orthodox ecclesiastic, when you admit his creed and then make so many reservations as to finally explain away what was really *his* creed?—If you have, you may understand something of the emotional expression that must have passed over the face of Aristophanes as Socrates admitted the existence of the gods, and then, by dropping all their attributes one by one, left nothing that could be recognized as the orthodox Greek hierarchy.

Thus it was that when the old philosopher appeared in the clouds, it was with the ridiculous statement upon his lips that Zeus was dethroned and Whirligig reigned in his stead. Substitute Herbert Spencer for Socrates and think of him prostrate before Force (spelled with a capital letter, because as Mr. Bradley somewhat profanely put it, "he doesn't know what the devil else it may be"), and then for Aristophanes think of—well, you know plenty of them—and you have an old story in a modern guise. And then besides it was impossible to endure the thoroughly radical way in which Socrates criticised the religious myths of the day. Had not Sophocles said of them—"These are not of to-day nor yesterday, but in them is eternal life?" And how should this critical, cranky sophist, who always peered into the history of things and who spoke slightly of the gods because they saw fit to show themselves like as

men—how should this presumptuous "higher criticism" stand before the sublime utterance of an inspired Sophocles? Why, Socrates had not even seen fit to be initiated into the Elusinian Mysteries, whose holy communion and solemn rites could not fail to reveal the truth to the spiritually minded.

And then what monstrosities of theory were daily being brought to light and exhibited by the proud science of the time without apparently the least suspicion of their error and illegitimacy. To be sure Socrates claimed to have an infallible Maieutic method, but how was Aristophanes to know that the beautiful alone, and not the fair and ugly alike, should be placed to the credit of this self-constituted intellectual midwife? Certain it was that he was practicing on everybody in Athens, and that little community was in danger of speedily being eaten up by this prolific and irresponsible proletariat of "ideas," that made day and night hideous with their noises. All sorts of wonderful theories were in the air, evolution hypotheses, sociological systems and the new Socratic experimental psychology, over which the youth of the day were wild, and which left the unhappy subject of the experiment feeling as though he had passed through Tartarus, and that all his intellectual righteousness was but as filthy rags. Such analytical legerdemain with one's most settled convictions, making the traditionally right appear wrong, or, as Aristophanes puts it, "the wrong appear the better reason," most inevitably make the traditional morality powerless and lead to the destruction of the State.

The sentimental Utopias of the day, with their wealth of emotion and poverty of reason, those lands of dreams where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, likewise receive their share of—I will not say his venom, for on the whole, Aristophanes is playful with our foibles, but at least—his very amusing lampoon, in the comedy of the "Birds," to whose cloud-castled city Sanguine and Talkover, two socialist dreamers of speculative genius, are led through the guidance of a Raven and a Jackdaw. Here among other curious lore, they are taught a wonderful theory of the origin of species, according to which everything, including man, is evolved, not from the original

Cosmic cell of Anaxagoras, but from the egg of a bird, and consequently upon these primitive inhabitants we wingless mortals are supposed to depend for all that we have of wisdom and morals.

All this new learning was despicable enough to our comic poet, and in the eyes of such a past-intoxicated man sure to lead to the breaking up of that hard-won Athenian world of light and grace that shone so resplendently against the dark Barbarian background, but among all these strange powers of the air was one that was especially hateful to the poet, for it seemed to menace the very life of Art itself. The new tendency in literature which he felt must be fathered upon the Socratic impulse to deep critical search for the springs of life, though to him it was none other than the old sophistical curiosity, was displaying itself in the realistic and intensely human spirit of Euripides. Though he would not be recognized as a fellow of the Zolas and Boyesens of to-day, he was nevertheless as truly a realistic innovator as either of these enthusiasts. And like our short-sighted literary sense of to-day, Aristophanes found it hard to see that before every new insight into reality a minute and perhaps unpleasant analysis of the data must prepare the way. But it must be remembered that it is not given to all of us to see the Platonic synthesis that must follow the Socratic period of critical analysis, and may not we who so unreservedly condemn the coarse realism of our own time be failing, like Aristophanes of old, to catch a glimpse of a more adequate conception of the human struggle that is to dawn upon us when we return from our descent into the deeps? It was not a romantic weakness in Æschylus and Sophocles, those veterans of the tragic drama who walked and talked with gods and heroes, that they should think it profanation of their sacred art to stoop to the follies and weaknesses of petty man, for we could not well spare their vision of the unseen world, but it was the meed of Euripides to be instructed otherwise by the Tropic Muse, to task *humanity* to height, to see with one flash of genius deep into the darkly moving waters that broke in a sparkle of sunlight and spray about the rosy, vine-clad steepes of Olympus, yet had within their mys-

terious bosom a wealth of meaning from which even the glory of the gods could not avert his eyes. And with it all how softly sweet his verse, how bewitchingly as "oily-bathed in unctuous music" it enters the recesses of the heart, it summons to the light these darkly inner workings that we had almost been persuaded were unreal, as like fresh shadows they would flee before the glitter of the outer world; how enchanting to find them again, not only the realities of our own private inmost self, but the deepest truth of the soul of the world!

But for the lovely turns and trills of the lark-like music of Euripides, with all its dainty twitterings, Aristophanes' taste was forever spoiled by the bronze-throated eagle-back of Æschylus. "Ah, yes, this is thy deepest sin, Euripides. They will drink thy dainty wine, for thy spices of the earth have turned them from the nectar of the gods, but the lees are thick at the bottom of the cup. The cursed Socrates has refined—refined and subtilized away whatever seems a solid planting-place in this outer world of ours, and has turned us in upon ourselves, until crazy with the new learning, reeling with the madness of our new-found worth, we turn to thee and revel in thy wild and ever-changing vision, and finally settling into the sodden stupor of doubt and despair, we shall at last have but the strength to vaguely wonder with thy own feeble soul, whether after all 'life be not death—and death, life.'" And beyond all this fiery baptism he saw not the vision of the new life that was to dawn.

Aristophanes was right. The forces thus subtly at work were sure to dissipate the glorious Athens of his dream. Socrates and Euripides were indeed enemies of that rugged, simple, unquestioning civilization that sprang from the blood of the martyrs of Marathon and Thermopylæ, and how was he, who had thus sacrificed his proud and individual genius to the beautiful wholeness of the Greek life, to sympathize with the greater Hellenism that it was their happiness to forsee? We, who know not what it is to feel our hearts bleed for the departing glory of a noble institution, in which seems embalmed the seed of all that is of worth; we, who are smitten with a blind and unreflecting optimism, are petty indeed to rail at these magnificent souls,

that like adamantine rocks raise themselves in a vain protest against the ever changing flow of things.

So stood Aristophanes amid the disintegrating forces, which, like the thunderbolts of Jove hissed and curled about his Titanic head. For one moment the mad current of their rush seems to be stemmed, and, Prometheus-like, he may yet win the strife by which from a forbidding fate he would wrest peace and quiet for his beloved Athens; but no, the lightnings are loosed, the fires are kindled in the secret places of the Spirit, and must still burn and rend the flesh until he who holds them in the hollows of his hand shall see and be satisfied. Nay, in their presence even he who feared them not must sometimes tremble and bend, for as the sweet strains of the poet penetrate the walls of sense, as the guileless life of the philosopher puts to shame the stains and weakness of the time, Aristophanes is seen to falter in the strife. For when amid the gayety of a midnight revel is heard the voice of Sophocles, as robed in deepest black, he cries "Euripides is no more," the cruel Nemesis of Doubt puts within the mouth of his worst enemy the praises of the dead. O tragic end of comedy, we pity Aristophanes!

And now we call to mind that scene so full of prophecy, preserved by Plato in his exquisite dialogue of the Banquet. For he tells us that when all the other guests had departed or fallen asleep, Socrates, together with Aristophanes and Agathon, alone remained awake, and that while he continued to drink with them from a large golden goblet, Socrates compelled them to admit that a man who could write comedy could compose a tragedy as well, and that the foundation of the tragic and the comic arts are the same. Little, perhaps, did either the philosopher or the sleepy Aristophanes, amid the good-fellowship of the moment, amid the feast of reason that softened the hearts of the banqueters and concealed the fearful antipathies that slumbered beneath the magic touch of wine and jest, little did either imagine that this principle thus settled, theoretically, by the learned *literati*, should in a few years have its practical demonstration, and that at the hands of Aristophanes himself. Nevertheless his bitter satire was ere long to encompass the doom of the aged philosopher,

for that Socrates placed it high among the causes of his death is clear from his pathetic references in the "Apology" to Aristophanes who so falsely accused him. And yet I fancy that with our eyes upon the vista that has opened up before us, we feel it in our hearts to condemn neither, but rather to feel an unutterable protest against the apparent irrationality of a struggle which, though the end thereof be ideal, yet in the actual development of the race must of necessity set in mortal antagonism two such men whose community of moral earnestness should have made them brothers of one blood. Well may we, like Carlisle, draw back, appalled, from such a riddle of history, crying: "Force, force, everywhere force—illimitable whirlwind of force!" And yet, perhaps, this very whirlwind may be analyzed, and if so, its irrationality may vanish before the light of a higher unity, which shall comprehend and explain the paradox. Such an analysis seems ever to be forcing itself upon us as we seek to understand the meaning of thought, for all this whirlwind will be seen to resolve itself into the conflicts of two ever opposing forces, which by their struggle constitute the mighty dialectic of history which knows no peace and forever sets in mortal antipathy the institutional and self-assertive individual elements of our human life. It is the *ἀγών*, the contest that wages in the very midst of the comedy, and every now and then we who have been content to enjoy its jest and frivolity, must needs draw ourselves together for the more serious business of the show, and watch the battle of the Titans, who, when these forces have possessed them with a fine frenzy, stir up our otherwise comfortable and phlegmatic lives.

And these are constant rôles in the great tragi-comedy that thought and its votaries are always playing. The costumes and scenery may differ as the play advances from period to period, and indeed the change is sometimes so frequent and complete that we lose the players for a season in the fantastic dances of the chorus, but they soon re-appear with renewed vigor, for without this dialectic the evolution of thought would cease and the warp and woof of its existence would stiffen into a lifeless

rigidity or fall apart into the dust of disintegration and atomistic individualism.

Of this necessity we may sometimes be persuaded. As on the wings of the morning, we transcend the moment of our own struggle and fly to the uttermost parts of the spirit world, we may see perhaps how from the dust and ashes of that battlefield of old, arose the phoenix of a more glorious Hellenism, and yet when we enter again the narrow lists of our own life struggle, when we see anew before our eyes the hated face of the enemy of the Truth, it is our mournful destiny again to forget that both of us, by our very opposition, may be needed to carry on the struggle, and so again repeat the tragedy of the race. Thus it is that "history repeats itself," but as the struggle is indefinitely waged, it becomes more and more intense, for by a certain law of recapitulation, it gathers all that is vital in the life of the past, and so may we not believe that, though each must blindly struggle in the place assigned him, there must also come a time when the human can no longer contain this ghastly paradox of spirit, and falling off like a garment it shall reveal the light and peace of the eternal? And then if ever it be granted to the ravished ears of mortal men to hear, as through the medium of an eternal ether, the eventual harmony of this transitory strife, it may be perhaps, as in the music of the sensuous ear, all the more wondrous, all the more divine for the clashing chords which it contains.

Wilbur M. Urban.

INCONSTANCY.

I SIGHED as the soul of April fled,
And a tear on my cheek
Told of the love I had borne the dead—
And I signed the cross, and bowed my head—
And was sad for a week.

With a carol and catch the May came in
With her wonderful way—
And I saucily chucked her under the chin,
And tuned me the strings of my violin—
And was glad for a day.

Francis Charles McDonald.

JAMES JOHNSON OF PRINCETON.

A BIOGRAPHY.

THE bell was clanging furiously from the Old North tower, beating time to the clattering footsteps on the flags below. For one long hour James Johnson (*né* Collins) had stood firmly braced against the Old Chapel wall, basking in the sunlight, every fibre of his æsthetic nature thrilled with the glory of returning spring. But the first impatient tap of the recitation bell rudely awakened James from his reverie. He became suddenly conscious of the stern realities of mercantile life; and rousing himself with an effort from his comfortable position, he shuffled over to his wheelbarrow, decked with its usual tempting display, and began to cast appealing glances at the passing throng in the hope that he might transact a little business before the bell stopped ringing.

"Jim," I remarked, after a careful examination of his stock-in-trade, "those are pretty good apples."

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sah. Dey is. T-t-t-two cents apiece—er-er-er two fo' five cents, sah," he answered, with the delightful hesitancy of speech that Dr. Van Dyke once likened to the "unexpected explosion of a fire-cracker which has long been fizzing."

"Jim," I went on, after my nickel had dropped with an audible clink into one of his threadbare pockets, "Jim, I wish you would come up and see me sometime; my room is right here in East. I want to talk to you."

"All r-r-r-right, sah. I's comin' jes' 's soon 's de be-be-bell stops."

A few minutes later there was a feeble knock at my door, and Jim entered, hat in hand, his round black face lit up with expectancy, his sharp glittering eyes rolling about in his head in the most extraordinary manner.

"I's c-c-c-come, sah," he observed as he sat down in my favorite rocker and carefully placed his tattered derby on the floor. "Now wh-wh-wh-what d' yo' want?"

"Your history, Jim—your personal history. I have no doubt, Mr. Johnson, that there are few men in this country who can point to a career more interesting than yours, few men who can look back upon a life more adventurous and romantic——"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sah," he replied slowly, scratching his head reflectively. "But I neber tol' nobody 'bout dat. Hones'ly, sah, I neber did."

"Will you tell me, then?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sah. I guess, den, I'd better begin at 'bout de time I was b-b-b-born."

I quietly assured him that such would be a very satisfactory starting point.

At the end of an hour, he had told me all he professed to know about himself (although I half suspect that there are some things in his life which he did not care to divulge), and I shall try to draw from his mass of scattered statements a connected biographical sketch. For fifty-six years this old negro has been a familiar figure about the Princeton campus; he is known by nearly every living alumnus, and hundreds whom he saw graduate have long ago passed away. Myths and traditions have clustered about him, rumors have sprung up which in after years have been accepted as true, and stories are told which I fear cannot always be "mentioned in the presence of Mrs. Boffin"—as Dickens would say. And yet, no one has ever undertaken the task of "writing him up." Lest you should doubt this statement, let me assure you that the prototype of "Caesar Courteous" in *His Majesty Myself* was old Pompey Polite who graced these classic walks long before Jim made his romantic entrance upon the stage. It is therefore an unexplored field of biographical research which we are about to enter. As such it presents unlimited opportunities to the casual student of history; there is a fascination, a kind of subtle charm, about treading where none have trod before; and the writer of this little article hopes that what he may have to say about Jim will interest the chance reader as much as the personality of Jim himself has interested the alumni at whose suggestion this biography is written.

It was on the second day of October, 1816, in the little town of Easton, Maryland, that Jim was "b-b-b-born" and began his long and honorable career. Rumor has it that a dazzling star with an important name was at that time high in the ascendant; but whether this be true or not I cannot tell, knowing nothing of the facts. Jim's parents were slaves of a Colonel Wallace. They were justly proud of their offspring, and yet I sometimes suspect the pride they had in their ownership was slightly tempered, for they knew their boy would be, as they had always been, but a piece of their master's property. When Jim was a very little fellow, his mistress made of him a Christmas present, and gave him to her son. Young Teakle Wallace was but one month older than Jim, and we can imagine with what surprise he awoke on that bright Christmas morning, to see the warm southern sunlight stream through his window, causing to sparkle with increased brilliancy the pair of sharp black eyes which blinked so wonderingly above the stocking's rim.

The two boys grew up together, played the same games, fished in the same streams, and bathed in the same ponds; and so, as Jim assured me, it is to-day a source of endless regret that his business cares have compelled him to break the last-named habit, formed so happily in early youth.

The plantation adjoining that of Col. Wallace belonged to a Col. Lloyd. The country thereabout has a way of producing large quantities of colonels, but I am very sure they deserve this title of respect even if they did not all smell powder or hear the rattle of musketry. However, the fact I wish to record is that in February, 1817, upon the plantation of Col. Lloyd, another slave boy was born. He was, you observe, but four months younger than Jim, and the two boys, living as they did on neighboring farms, were thrown much together. Early in life, Fred (for that was the other's name) began to exert his influence over Jim. For Fred had some very decided opinions, some very definite ambitions, and his long cherished dreams of liberty soon became the guiding principle of his life. And he confided his hopes and fears in Jim. It is said that many a time,

down in the meadows back of the house, Fred delivered impassioned orations to a small but appreciative audience composed of Jim and a yellow dog. And when at length words failed him, Jim would exhibit his rows of shining white teeth, while the little dog wagged his tattered tail persistently. Ay! here was a scene of rustic simplicity; and if we are base enough to doubt its truth, let us not accuse the hero of these events on the ground of falsehood, but rather let us ascribe the mistakes in his narrative to the failing memory of an old man, into whose past fact and fancy are inextricably interwoven.

But whatever truth there may be in this incident, history has shown us that the young slave orator was destined to a broader field of usefulness than that of stirring the heart of his small companion, for his career since that time has been one of the most interesting and remarkable in the history of our country; although born a slave he became in after life an active and influential agent in the abolition of slavery, and was subsequently elevated to several responsible National offices. American annals furnish no more captivating illustration of a self-made man than Frederick Douglass.

It was in 1836, when Jim was twenty years old, that he made the first of his long series of matrimonial ventures. His wife had been freed by a kind-hearted master, and she was living at this time with her sister in a little log cabin at Church Hill, three miles away. She is said to have been very beautiful, and to have had a way of looking at one with her large dark eyes that would set one's heart beating beyond all manner of reckoning. And yet Jim's early married life does not appear to have been entirely satisfactory; the domestic bliss he had hoped for was never fully realized so long as those three weary miles separated him from his dusky bride. During the week he accompanied his young master on all his journeys as body servant, or acted in the most approved style as *valet-de-chambre* at home, and when Saturday night came he would leave Easton on foot and tramp to Church Hill, returning regularly every Monday morning. For three years he did this. He was becoming inexpressibly tired of it all. Those three miles seemed to have an

elasticity which developed as time wore on, and the contrast between riding on all occasions when with Mr. Wallace, and walking on all occasions when by himself, began to appear very striking. And at times he would think over what Fred Douglass had told him about slavery being wrong, and about the great unknown land to the north, where everyone was free, and a great many other things which Jim could not remember, but which had sounded very pleasant to his ears. The idea of running away somewhere began to take definite shape in his mind. For many long years he had cherished this hope in a vague sort of a way; and now the winter and spring of 1839 had slipped silently by since Douglass had escaped north, and it seemed to Jim that the day must soon come when he too would leave for distant parts unknown. The day did come—or rather the night—and on August 8th he left Easton forever.

Young Teakle Wallace (so Jim told me) had “presented” him with a five-dollar bill—for what purpose I have been unable to discover—and with this safely stowed away, he noiselessly left the house. The clock in the little meeting-house over the hill had long ago struck twelve, but the night was warm and clear, and the road to Church Hill was easy to follow. He met no one on the way, although at times he imagined he could hear the clatter of hoofs behind him, when he would stop and listen for awhile, only to continue his walk more rapidly than before. In less than an hour he reached the little log cabin on the outskirts of the village. Everything was dark and silent. He knocked hesitatingly upon the heavy door, and a moment later a dusky head was thrust out of the window, and a frightened voice, which he knew to be his wife’s, called out to him:

“Is dat yo’, Jim? Wha’ fo’ yo’ come yere dis time o’ night?”

“Keep quiet, honey,” he whispered. “I’s r-r-r-runnin’ away. I’s come to say g-g-g-good-bye—honey.”

A few minutes later he had turned his back upon Church Hill and the little log cabin, and was walking rapidly along the Wilmington road. He had not told his wife “wh-wh-wh-where” he was going, because he didn’t know himself—any-where to the north, he had said, away from the old life and the

old surroundings; and he promised her that when he should find work and a home, he would send for her to come. Many long months must pass before he could fulfill his promise; but she finally did come north, and has now rested for over forty years in the old Princeton cemetery.

All night Jim plodded resolutely along the moonlit road, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon of August 9th when he reached Wilmington, forty miles away. It was here that he discarded the name of James Collins and assumed that of James Johnson—an alias which still clings to him after fifty-six years. At Wilmington he boarded one of the river boats, and early in the evening arrived at Philadelphia, where he spent the night. His five dollars were rapidly disappearing, and the next day he took a train for Trenton, with the sole desire to get as far away from the south as his money would take him. He spent the rest of that day and the following night in Trenton, and awoke with fifty cents in his pocket. He returned to the railroad station and placed his remaining coin upon the counter. The bit of paper he received bore upon it the inscription: "Trenton to Princeton;" and so we owe it to the high rate of railroad fares that we have Jim with us now, for had he possessed an additional fifty cents he might to-day have been the pride of the *Rutgers* campus! Assuredly it is the little things of life that shape our destinies!

Jim was twenty-three years old when, on the morning of August 10th, 1839, he stepped from the train at the old Princeton station down by the canal basin. He was among strangers, in a strange place, and without a cent. He wandered slowly up Canal street to the town, and in the course of the day met one Peter Miller, an old colored wood-sawyer at the College (for coal was seldom used in those days), and at his little house on Wither-
spoon street Jim found shelter while he looked for work—shelter, however, which was gratuitous with the provision that Jim repay old Peter immediately from the first of his earnings. Peter Miller does not appear to have been either a man of wealth or a philanthropist.

The Princeton campus was a very modest affair in those days. There were only six buildings of which the College might boast—Nassau Hall, the President's house (now the Dean's), East and West Colleges, the building now occupied by the College Offices, and another of similar structure on the site of the present library (where, even before the days of Morse, Professor Henry "taught de students 'bout de tel-tel-tel-tel'graph wire"). The old wooden halls of Whig and Clio were then in process of construction, and many of the "revolutionary elms," of which we are wont to patriotically but ignorantly speak, had not yet appeared above ground.

College was then in session, although it was the middle of August, and on the third day after his arrival at Princeton, Jim secured a position in Nassau Hall as janitor and bootblack—for, said he, as he glanced disapprovingly at my shoes, "in *dose* days, de gen'lemen all had dey boots clean." It was while pursuing his daily round of duties as janitor that he acquired the rather unflattering nickname by which he has been known to this day. As Mr. Andrew Lang once said in quite another connection: "Concerning this they tell a certain sacred story, which I know but will not utter."

During four years Jim led an uneventful life, drawing his salary with promptness and regularity, and becoming skilled in the Princeton method of putting in order twenty rooms in the space of fifteen minutes. It is vaguely hinted that this unsophisticated and guileless southern youth wandered in devious paths, and even strayed into the company of the knights of the turf; but we must accept this as mere rumor, as having no foundation of historical accuracy. But at the end of four years—in 1843—there came a student to Princeton whose name was Simon Weeks, and who lived in Chestertown, Maryland. He was a friend of Mr. Wallace, and he recognized Jim, whom he had seen years before on the Easton farm, and whom he knew to have escaped north in 1839. He wrote to Mr. Wallace, and a few weeks later, as Jim was discussing matters with some of his friends at the post-office, he was confronted by his former master. It seemed like an apparition. His black eyes dis-

appeared in his head with fright, and he stood quaking before young Teakle Wallace a picture of abject misery. Visions of the old days came back to him—careless and happy enough they were, for he had always been kindly treated; but he had tasted liberty since then, and his whole nature revolted at the idea of going back to once more become a slave.

It was at this juncture that a kind-hearted woman of Princeton came to his rescue, bought him of his master for the sum of \$550, and set him free. But the students were not to be outdone in generosity, and they made up a purse of \$100 (a great deal of money in those days) and presented it to Jim. And Jim—honest fellow that he is—assured me that he eventually paid back every dollar of the money with which his freedom had been bought.

The year 1855 will go down in the annals of Princeton as having witnessed the second burning of Nassau Hall—which, you must admit, was a dismally unique way of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the laying of its corner-stone! But the year 1855, saw another event which it is my duty as biographer to faithfully record. It was then that Jim began his renowned, if not altogether creditable mercantile career. The business of janitor and boot-black had not proved particularly lucrative, and now that his second wife (whom he had married in 1852) demanded more luxurious apartments than he was able to furnish, Jim established his famous second-hand clothing store on the spot since desecrated by the erection of University Hall. And here I shall take the liberty of quoting from Dr. Van Dyke, who has casually referred to Jim in an article in the "Manhattan" of July, 1883.

"He * * * carried on with varying success an extended trade in a variety of articles. He was not so much inclined to trust his customers as he was to make them trust him. He had a wondrous faculty of combining the garments with which different students, for reasons of their own, had been induced to part, into costumes of striking originality; and through his agency many a man has had the pleasure of beholding his favorite pantaloons of the year before united to the coat of his dearest foe, and perambulating the streets in very dubious company."

Several years of glittering prosperity slipped by, then the business was removed to Witherspoon street, and fifteen years ago its career was brought to an honorable close. Vague rumors cluster about this period of Jim's history, but what truth there may be in them I have no means of ascertaining. The fact is that Jim withdrew from mercantile life soon after the death of wife No. 2; and as she appears to have been a lady of extravagant tastes, it may not be idle to suppose that when she departed this life it was then quite possible for Jim to practice once more his old-time economy. But this, you observe, is inference—not fact.

In the latter part of the seventies—Jim is not clear as to the exact date—the life of a college servant began to pall on his taste. Promotion was slow and the element of excitement was sadly lacking; indeed, as Jim assured me in confidence, the experience of forty years in this capacity had strangely enough verged close upon monotony. He pondered long and earnestly, and one day he walked into the College Offices and tendered his resignation. According to Jim, the Board of Trustees begged him not to leave, implored him to reconsider his decision, painted for him in vivid colors the awful future that would be their lot should he depart forever from these classic walls. And out of the kindness of his heart, he consented to remain. But he would not longer serve as janitor—about that he was firm in his determination; and he requested that he be allowed to sell apples and “things” in front of the Old Chapel. His request was granted, he was given a monopoly of the trade, and he celebrated his good fortune by marrying for the third time, in 1881. His wife was about twenty, I think, while he was sixty-five, but it is not often that a young woman finds so magnificent a prize, and when Jim stutteringly assured her that she was the apple of his eye and the very light of his existence, she accepted him on the spot, in spite of the wide difference in their ages.

And so for fifteen years, Jim has faithfully stood by the Old Chapel wall dispensing his stock of eatables to the ever-passing throng of students. Chestnuts grace his wheelbarrow in the fall, peanuts in the spring, apples all the year round, with now and

then a few sticky chunks of dubious-looking candy, or a pail of "lemonade" in the hot days about Commencement. Or down at the 'Varsity grounds when the big games are on, you may see his stooping figure moving slowly through the crowd; and when the game is over, he returns to the campus, his wheelbarrow shamefully despoiled of its tempting wares; and now and then he stops in the dusty road to lean over in his characteristic way until he can regain his breath and pluck up courage to go on.

The writer of this article prides himself that he is not over-superstitious, and yet he sometimes goes so far as to put his faith in "mascots"—a foolish habit, you say, but surely it is as harmless as it is foolish. And that is why he struggled with a light heart up to Manhattan Field on Thanksgiving Day of '93; for in the crowd which left the little Princeton station on the early morning train he had seen a familiar stooping figure, waving an orange-and-black flag and vigorously muttering: "T-t-t-to hell wid Yale!" It was the second time in his life that Jim had dared to leave these classic shades to attend an out-of-town-game (the first time was in 1889) and he had bet five hard-earned dollars on the result. He meant to punish the fates which for three long years had frowned so pitilessly on Old Nassau. And on that memorable Monday night, when the flames leaped high above the elms and the old cannon glowed red-hot beneath the blazing pile, you might have seen the same stooping figure, trudging about the Quadrangle in the lurid firelight, carrying an immense orange flag, and a placard bearing the following inscription:

"i hav bin on de Campus sinse 1839 and I neber seen de Tigers put up so strong a Game as dey did on thanksgivin Day Yale is not in It.

"JAMES JOHNSON."

And who shall deny that this old man felt the thrill of patriotic emotion as much as any of the sons of Nassau Hall who watched the shadows play across the ivied walls of Old North? For many years he has wandered beneath the giant elms which he saw planted, and amid the ceaseless ebb and flow of college

life, like gray Old North itself, he will remain a perpetual landmark in the lengthening vista of our academic days.

And here let us leave him, as we first found him, leaning against the Chapel wall with the bell clanging from the tower, the footsteps clattering on the flags below, his glittering eyes still fixed upon his motley wares.

Andrew Clerk Imbrie.

TENNYSON AND HUMANITY IN "THE PALACE OF ART."

THE *Palace of Art* represents a new kind of poetic effort on the part of Tennyson. It is the treatment of a moral question in poetic symbolism. To do this well is an exceedingly difficult thing, and the fact that Tennyson has succeeded admirably in his new field, is but another proof of his true poetic genius. *The Palace of Art* was first published in the Volume of 1838, and afterward appeared in the Volume of 1842, having undergone much polishing and improvement. Tennyson learned early how to profit by criticism, whether favorable or adverse. Lockhart's scathing review of the Volume of 1838 did not discourage the young poet, but only spurred him on to higher attainment, and as the poem appears in the later volume it is one of the most perfect pieces of art he has left us. But perfect as the form of the poem is, it is not its form that interests us most, but rather its content. For here is revealed the first turning of Tennyson's attention to the graver questions of life, the first deep consciousness of his duty to his race as seer and teacher. The poem is subjective. Tennyson here for the first time asks himself the question which every sincere man must sooner or later put to himself: Shall I love art and beauty for their own sake? Shall I live apart from the world of mankind, finding my full cup of pleasure in refinement and culture, and doing nothing to help my brother man—to lift him up, to console him in his sorrow, to rejoice at his joy, to teach him his destiny and to inspire him with higher ideals? This was a

vital question in Tennyson's day. Nor is it less vital in the present age, when the cultured are turning away and devoting themselves to art and beauty for personal pleasure only, and refusing to hear the plaintive cry of humanity. *The Palace of Art* pictures in lurid colors the disastrous fate that is sure, sooner or later, to overtake such a devotee to self and self only. It is a sermon in allegory. It proclaims that such a life is a failure and is its own punishment. It affirms that he who loves not must in the end lose all love, for love comes only with loving and "true beauty is the child of love." This is the conclusion which the poem reaches, and, if we are to take it as a subjective study, as it seems to be, the conclusion which the poet himself had reached. For the first time Tennyson has awakened from his dream of selfish enjoyment of his art, to the realization of his indebtedness to the race, and in particular to his own fatherland. It is a noble chapter in the young poet's life, as showing his budding sympathy for his fellow-man and his desire to draw close to the great heart of humanity and listen to its universal beating. This awakening gave him a new view of life. It taught him that the lives of the ordinary men and women whom he encountered in his daily walks and talks, were full of interest and of poetic material, and that a philanthropic spirit should inspire his every poetic effort. It is true this feeling did not come suddenly upon him, in all its fulness. It was a gradual growth and is more forcefully shown in the reprint of 1842 than in the first publication of the poem, in 1833. But it was at least clearly defined in the first volume, and marks the beginning of that poetry of humanity which continues through all of Tennyson's subsequent work.

The form in which this ethical question is treated in *The Palace of Art* is exceedingly artistic, and an effect is produced which, despite the difficulty of the task, is unquestionably highly poetic. In the first stanza the note of selfish devotion to beauty is sounded :

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, 'O soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well.'"

In the next step, a condition of still stronger egoism is developed, where the soul is to enjoy her "lordly pleasure-house" alone, in undisturbed solitude, with none of the uncultured to intrude:

"And while the world runs round and round," I said,
'Reign thou apart.'"

The description of the palace, which follows, is so finely done that it marks one of Tennyson's best poetic productions. All the skill known to the master of words that Tennyson was, is displayed in the rich descriptions of the four "cool green courts," the "long-sounding corridors," the "great rooms and small," and particularly in the elegant and diverse arras which hung throughout the stately palace. These represent "living Nature" in all her various aspects:

"Every landscape fair,
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there,
Not less than truth designed."

And again:

"Every legend fair,
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
Not less than life designed."

Nor is the soul's love of the beautiful yet satisfied, but she must needs hang "the royal dias round" with "choice paintings of wise men"—of Milton and Shakespeare and Dante and "the Ionian father," while the floor whereon she trod in her regal solitude

"Was all mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail."

On this mosaic of human weal and woe the proud and haughty soul treads, to take

" Her throne:
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone."

" Communing with herself: ' All these are mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me.' "

Thus this selfish soul listens to her own sweet song and rejoices in her regal seclusion. But the time of reckoning is near at hand. Exceedingly artistically has the poet here brought out the vanity of the soul's self-seeking. Indifference toward fellow-man hardens into contempt, contempt into cruelty, until the empty darkness of the life without love is at last revealed to her. Her "mene, mene" is written, "deep dread and loathing of her solitude follow her." Her fall is complete. She realizes the fulness of her guilt, and then cries out in penitence:

" ' Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
' Where I may mourn and pray.' "

Then, by a single touch, Tennyson has pierced the gloom and a bright *denouement* in the last stanza epitomizes the lesson of the entire poem:

" Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return *with others* there
When I have purged my guilt."

Her penitence has brought her to a love for her fellow-man.

The sin of the poem is not that the soul was devoted to beauty, to fragrance, to music, but that her love for these drove her to contempt for her brother man; to scorn of her fellow mortals; to denial of her human duties; to a spirit of loathing for the poor mortals on the plane below her palace. This is the sin of selfish pride, and it transformed the Palace of Art into a prison of despair.

Thus Tennyson has struck the true chord of all poetic worth, the chord which finds an echo in every human heart. It is the

note that rings out clearly and distinctly, telling the world that art for art's sake is not the highest art; that beauty for beauty's sake must surely in the end assume a most ugly appearance, and that the highest form of beauty is born of love.

Edwin M. Norris.

AN APRIL MOOD.

HOW sweetly-dreaming smiles the April Sun
This spring-time morn! How from the balmy Night
And her moist kiss, he half-reluctant creeps
And, hazy-eyed, beholds the streams that run
Like glittering tears, that trickle cold and bright
Adown Earth's wrinkled face, as thus she weeps.

But now he feels her cold and loneliness
And spurns the dark Enchantress of the Night
For whom he sinned. Again with tender hands
His love hath changed that soiled and tattered dress
Of lingering snows for robes of colors bright
And wreathed her head with smiles of summer lands.

The old, old story! How a breath of love,
If it be warm and soft, though fleeting too
Must melt the soul and make the tears to flow.
Who then hath heart to chide the ways of Love
Who smiles o'er broken vows we swear anew,
Remembering they were made on earth below?

Wilbur M. Urban.

PRINCETON AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

WITH the close of the eighteenth century Princeton had graduated fifty-seven classes and had given her bachelor's degree to nine hundred and twenty-seven men. Her alumni fought and worked for the liberty of their country and no college can equal her roll of great and honorable names. In nearly every battle, in almost every convention the sons of Princeton willingly gave their strength and wisdom that they might become free citizens of a justly governed nation.

The most serious early battle of the revolution was on the Alamance, in May, 1771, between the troops of Governor Tryon and the Regulators of North Carolina. These "Regulators" were the members of three congregations which had as their pastors three graduates of Princeton. Thomas Melville, of the class of 1769, was one of the patriots who threw the tea into Boston harbor in 1773, and the story goes that the next morning the only specimen of that historic tea which escaped destruction was found in his boots, and being carefully preserved is extant to this very day! The Mecklenburg Declaration, the forerunner of the great proclamation of July 4th, 1776, was the work of Ephraim Brevard, of the class of 1768, and among its signers were two other graduates of Nassau, Batch and Avery, both of the class of 1766. Bancroft says of this Declaration, that "framed with superior skill, precision and comprehensiveness, it remains as a monument to the wisdom and courage of the memorable Assembly" which made and passed it. The President of the College and two of her alumni signed the Declaration of Independence, and four of old Princeton's sons put their names to the Articles of Confederation. A trustworthy tradition declares that it was a solemn appeal to Heaven made by President Witherspoon, and the force of his courageous example, which at last, on the Fourth of July, 1776, turned the delicately poised scale in Congress and brought about the great Declaration from which we date our legal existence.

Of these nine hundred graduates, of the eighteenth century, one became President and another Vice-President of the United States, twelve were Cabinet officers, one was Chief Justice and four were Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. Thirty-six sitting in the Senate, and sixty in the House, represented every one of the original thirteen Colonies as well as the three states admitted before the beginning of the present century, and of all but four of these states Princeton men were governors. Nine of the colonies sent more than thirty sons of Nassau Hall to the Continental Congresses, and there were no greater patriots in those assemblies than these men of Princeton.

Samuel Livermore, 1752, was afterward Governor of New Hampshire, a Representative in Congress and President *pro tem* of the Senate of the United States; David Howell, 1766, was later the Attorney-General of Rhode Island; James Manning, 1762, was the originator and first president of "Rhode Island College," after Brown University; Oliver Ellsworth, 1766, became a Senator of the United States, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and Minister to France; William Patterson, 1763, a Senator and Attorney-General, Governor of New Jersey and Justice of the Supreme Court; Joseph Reed, 1757, President of Pennsylvania and President *pro tem.* of the Continental Congress. Gunning Bedford, 1771, of Delaware, John Henry, 1769, of Maryland, and "Light Horse Harry" Lee, 1773, of Virginia, were Governors of their States, and James Madison, 1771, a Representative in Congress, Secretary of State, and fourth President of the United States. In the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, Princeton had more men than any other two colleges, and they were among the great leaders of that august body.

It will be well to outline the causes which led to the call for a convention to frame a Continental Constitution, to show how this remarkable body of men prepared and submitted to the States the instrument upon which the perpetual union of these colonies is based, and finally to point out the part played by Princeton graduates in these events.

The thirteen English colonies in North America were, at the beginning of the struggle for independence, so many separate communities each possessing a domestic government peculiar to itself, derived directly from the English crown and more or less under the direct control of the mother country. Until the breaking out of the revolution the colonies were in no close political connection with each other, and as distinct political organizations they did not possess the power of forming a union without the sanction of the British Parliament or Crown. Citizens of one colony were not citizens of another. It is true that as far back as 1643, four weak colonies in New England combined in a union for their defense against all common dangers and provided for its continuance by a common parliament. In 1697, again, William Penn proposed an annual "congress" consisting of two delegates from each colony, with power to provide ways and means for supporting their union, maintaining their common safety and regulating their commerce. Franklin, too, proposed a measure of union in the Albany Congress of 1754, but we must remember that this congress was called together by the Board of Trade (a committee for the more efficient administration of the colonies, first commissioned in 1696 by the king), through the royal Governor of New York, for the purpose of making a treaty with the Six Nations and of formulating some plan of common defense against the French. It was acknowledged that Doctor Franklin's plan needed the authority of Parliament.

Each colony had long possessed a local legislature whose representatives were chosen directly by the people, and these were in many instances the bodies which took the initiatory steps to the organization of the first Continental Congress, when it became necessary for the colonies to unite in common resistance to the mother country.

The first actual step towards the assembling of a Continental Congress was taken in 1774 by the Virginia House of Burgesses, which had been summoned to Williamsburg by the royal governor. Upon receiving the news that the Port of Boston was to be closed in the following month the House expressed its

sympathy and was immediately dissolved by the governor for this action. At once re-assembling it advised the local Committee of Correspondence to consult with the committees of other Colonies on the expediency of holding a general Continental Congress. This example was followed, and on the 5th of September, 1774, delegates from eleven colonies met in Philadelphia. They unanimously adopted a Declaration of Rights, summing up the grievances of the colonies and asserting their rights. In October they adjourned, but not without advising that a new Congress should meet the following May.

When this second Congress assembled civil war had actually commenced and the delegates, though without express authority from their states, felt the powers of a revolutionary government thrust upon them. The applications for advice and assistance from Massachusetts and New York placed Congress, in a way, at the head of American affairs and caused it at once to put the country in a state of defense and, assuming virtual control over military operations, to proceed to form a Continental Army over which Washington (June 15th, 1775) was chosen Commander-in-Chief. On the tenth of June, 1776, a committee of five members was instructed to prepare a declaration "that these United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, dissolved." The Declaration of Independence was reported by the committee on the twenty-eighth of June and on the Fourth of July received the votes of twelve colonies and was published to the world.

On the same day on which the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence was appointed another committee was directed "to prepare and digest the form of a confederation to be entered into by these colonies." This committee reported a draft of the Articles of Confederation, which was debated in Congress, enlarged by the addition of several amendments and finally adopted and put before the legislatures of the states in November. On March first, 1781, these articles had been

accepted by all the states, and the next day Congress met under the Confederation.

The restrictions laid upon Congress by the articles so weakened the powers conferred that the necessity was soon seen of laying before the country their deep defects with a view to establishing an adequate and complete government. The most fundamental attribute of sovereignty—the power of taxation—was not given to Congress, such was the jealousy of the states and their dread of a tyrannic centralized power. The control of commerce was left to state management and the natural result was the entire lack of any uniformity and an increasing growth of jealousy between the states.

Late in 1785, when the Virginia legislature had wrangled itself into imbecility over the question of clothing Congress with power over trade, Madison hit upon an expedient. He prepared a motion to the effect that commissioners from all the States should hold a meeting and discuss the best methods of securing a uniform treatment of commercial questions. But the motion was "so little acceptable that it was not then persisted in" and was laid on the table. Things, however, were going in the right direction, for some weeks later Maryland, in adopting the compact made at Mt. Vernon concerning jurisdiction over the Potomac, suggested that Delaware as well as Pennsylvania ought to be consulted about this scheme, and added, if four States can take part in it why not thirteen, and why not consult with these States about a uniform system of duties? The Madison motion was immediately taken up from the table and carried, and commissioners from all the States were invited to meet on the first Monday of September, 1786, at Annapolis.

But five states responded, and the outlook did not seem encouraging. However, before adjourning, the assembly adopted an address urging that commissioners be appointed by all the states to meet in convention at Philadelphia in the following May, "to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union, and to report to Con-

gress such an act as, when agreed to by them, would effectually provide for the same."

Without waiting the approval of Congress, Madison had prevailed upon the Virginia legislature to appoint delegates to the convention. When the news of this action of Virginia came, the other states followed her example, and Congress after some hesitation approved and adopted what was going on. Of the thirteen states, Rhode Island alone refused to take any part in the proceedings.

Thus, on the fourteenth of May, 1787, the delegates met who were to prepare that instrument which Mr. Gladstone has called "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Though we must criticize Mr. Gladstone for calling the action of this convention the work of a moment, we may agree with him in placing it among the most momentous proceedings in the history of statesmanship.

In the Federal Convention there were fifty-five men, twenty-nine of whom were university graduates. Four had their degrees from universities abroad, and two each from the College of Philadelphia and Columbia. Harvard had given her degrees to three, Yale to four, and William and Mary to five.

From Princeton there were nine: Alexander Martin, 1756, of North Carolina; William Patterson, 1763, of New Jersey; Oliver Ellsworth, 1766, of Connecticut; Luther Martin, 1766, of Maryland; William Churchill Houston, 1768, of New Jersey; Gunning Bedford, 1771, of Delaware; James Madison, 1771, of Virginia; William Richardson Davie, 1776, of North Carolina, and Jonathan Dayton, 1776, of New Jersey.

According to Fiske, the leading part in the convention fell to James Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," as he was afterward called, for "it is true that the government under which we live is more his work than that of any other one man." The convention was summoned for the fourteenth of May, 1787, but the necessary quorum of seven states did not appear until the twenty-fifth, when the majority of the New Jersey delegates presented their credentials. Three days later Massachusetts and Maryland increased the number to nine and before the end of

the month eleven states were represented. The convention from the outset sat in secret sessions. It feared to exasperate the public and provoke hostilities if each day's immature proceedings and discussions were given to the country. The late arrival of the majority of the delegates gave opportunity for private and personal comparison of views between the few members already present. The members from Virginia, especially, met in frequent consultation and brought themselves into harmonious relation upon a rough draft of constitutional principles which Madison had prepared. This document was afterward authoritatively presented as the plan of Virginia, and the moral force of the then leading state of the Confederation was thus from the beginning cast in favor of a wholly new Constitution and against any partial amendment of the Articles of Confederation. The discussion upon these resolutions began in committee of the whole on the thirtieth of May; and they were finally reported on the nineteenth of June and were before the convention, as from time to time modified, until the germ was developed and ripened into the American Constitution on September seventeenth, 1787.

But some of the delegates had come with the design of simply amending the Articles of Confederation by taking away from the states the power of regulating commerce and entrusting this power to Congress. New Jersey, pressed between her two large and powerful neighbors, to whom she was liable to pay commercial tribute, desired to amend the Articles of Confederation, chiefly that duties might be made to bear equally on all the states, while preserving sovereignty and equality in voting power of each state. Others felt that if the work were not done thoroughly now another chance might never be offered; they thought it necessary to abolish the confederacy and establish a federal republic, in which the general government should act directly upon the people. The difficult problem was how to frame a plan of this sort which the people could be made to understand and adopt. Washington put all half-way measures and moral cowardice out of the question by an outburst of noble eloquence. Rising from his president's chair, he exclaimed in solemn tones: "It is too

probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard, to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Madison's Virginia plan struck instantly at the root of the difficulties under which the country had been struggling ever since the Declaration of Independence. The federal government had possessed no way of enforcing obedience to its laws. Its edicts were without sanction, because they operated upon states, not upon individuals. To make the federal government operate directly upon individuals—so said the delegates from Virginia—one provision was absolutely necessary; there should be a national legislature in which the American *people* instead of the American States should be represented. There must be an assembly elected directly by the people and with its members apportioned according to population. The great mind of Madison was one of the first to entertain distinctly the noble conception of two kinds of government operating at one and the same time upon the same individual, harmonizing with each other, but each supreme in its own sphere. Such is the fundamental conception of our partly federal, partly national government, which appears throughout the Virginia plan as well as in the Constitution which grew out of it. It was a political conception of a higher order than had ever before been entertained, and it took a great deal of discussion to make it clear to the minds of the delegates generally.

In its original scope the Virginia plan went much farther towards national consolidation than the Constitution as adopted. The national legislature was to be composed of two houses, like the legislatures of the several states. The members of the lower house should be chosen directly by the people; members of the upper house, or Senate, should be elected by the lower house out of persons nominated by the state legislatures, and the votes of both these houses were to be the votes of individuals, no longer the votes of states, as in the Continental Congress. Represen-

tation was to be proportional either to wealth or numbers of free inhabitants.

To adopt such a plan would overthrow the equality of the states altogether. It is not strange, therefore, that the smaller states looked upon this scheme with great fear, for unless they should have equal voice, without regard to wealth or population, they would be at the mercy of their greater neighbors. New Jersey, especially, was implacable, and accordingly, in the name of the smaller states, William Patterson, P. C., 1763, laid before the convention the so-called "New Jersey plan" for the amendment of the Articles of Confederation.

This scheme admitted a federal legislature, consisting of a single house, an executive in the form of a council, to be chosen by Congress, and likewise a federal judiciary, with powers less extensive than those contemplated by the Virginia plan. It gave to Congress the power to regulate foreign and domestic commerce, to levy duties on imports, and even to raise internal revenue by means of a Stamp Act. But it did not really give Congress the power to act immediately upon individuals. The federal legislature which it proposed was to represent states, and the states were to vote equally, without regard to wealth or population.

The convention grew nervous and excited over these seemingly irreconcilable plans. "The discussion was kept up with much learning and acuteness by Madison, Ellsworth and Martin," all graduates of Princeton. The situation became dangerous. When things were darkest, Oliver Ellsworth and Roger Sherman suggested a compromise, which led the way to the arrangement which was ultimately adopted, according to which the national principle was to prevail in the lower house and the federal principle in the Senate. By it the Senate was made quite independent of the House. Through a long period Connecticut had had a governor and council, chosen by majority vote and by almost universal suffrage; her delegates were therefore quite prepared for the proposition that at least a part of the new federal government should be chosen in much the same way. On the other hand, in the development of new towns,

Connecticut had always been careful to maintain the substantial equality of each township, in at least one branch of her government; her delegates were therefore quite prepared for the proposition that at least a part of the new federal government should similarly recognize the equality of the states. Her combination of commonwealth and town rights had worked so simply and naturally that her delegates were quite prepared to suggest a similar combination of national and state rights as the foundation of our government. She, therefore, could recognize the possibility of the Large State Plan of Madison, P. C., 1771, and the Small State Plan of Patterson, P. C., 1763, working together; and by her diplomatic compromise—of which Ellsworth, P. C., 1766, was a chief author—she was able to bring the delegates to acquiesce in the plan which, to a certain extent, embodied all their views.

This Connecticut compromise at first met with little favor and gloom again overhung the convention. For the moment a timely speech from Madison soothed the troubled waters; but it was only after eleven days of debate that the compromise was adopted on the sixteenth of July.

It will not be necessary in this article to attempt to outline the further minor compromises, nor to describe the debates which took place between the great men in the convention. The Constitution of the United States was signed on the seventeenth of September, and it was decided it should be presented to the Continental Congress, and then be referred to special conventions in all the states for ratification; and that when nine states, or two-thirds of the whole number, should have ratified, it should at once go into operation as between such states. New Hampshire, the ninth state, ratified on June twenty-first, 1788, and Rhode Island—always the last—lingered until the twenty-ninth of May, 1790, when she too became a part of the Federal Republic.

Thus was the great achievement, in which Princeton men figured with such honor and prominence, accomplished; and the United States were started on the path which has put them among the great powers of the world.

John W. Garrett.

"RAGGSY."

IT WAS past the hour of ten and Dr. Job Cauthers was adjusting things in the room of the East Side Boys' Club before he locked the place up and left for home. The large "Club" room was just at present in a state of chaos. The long table running down the middle of the room was littered with magazines and papers which had been read and then thrown carelessly back on the table, face up or down, open or shut, as they happened to come. The floor itself was the resting-place of many that had fallen from the table and which, with the characteristic indifference and nonchalance of the habitués of the "Club," had been allowed to remain where they were, to be trampled under foot, kicked around and otherwise innocently but thoroughly abused. Checker-boards lay on the table and here and there about the room on some chair where a couple had been playing with the board between them on their knees.

Dr. Job Cauthers, who was now trying to set things a little to rights by gathering up the papers and arranging them in some order upon the table, and placing the chairs in an even row along the walls, had always been interested and was a prime mover in establishing the East Side Boys' Club. He had been brought up and always lived in the city, where he had ample opportunity to study and to learn something about the native street Arab. His had not been the mere casual interest of the curious spectator, who looks to be amused, but with the deeper motive of benefiting, if possible, this interesting and strange phase of life, which is a part of every great city.

Cauthers had often stopped in the streets and talked to them, and was often struck by the native wit and undeveloped intellect which these little savages possessed, but which for want of care had gone wild and adapted itself to the hard life and characters with which they were surrounded.

It was the aim of the "Boys' Club" to gather these urchins together; to get them off the streets at night and give them some place to go instead of remaining in the gutter, "shooting

craps" for pennies or collecting in areaways, smoking cigarette butts and drinking beer from the can, which, by popular subscription of a cent or two from each of the "gang," would be kept filled.

It was made as entertaining as possible for them, and it was hoped that some seed might be sown by means of good reading-matter which would perhaps give rise to a thought higher than those about cigarette butts, craps and beer, and give them a fleeting insight into something better to which they might aspire than the life they were now leading.

Cauthers had charge of the club on Saturday evenings, and here, surrounded by forty or fifty of these urchins, he had ample opportunity to study their characteristics, ambitions and aspirations.

All were more or less imbued with that proprietary air which comes of looking after oneself, and a wild spirit of independence which resulted from the absence of any restraining influence in their lives—outside of the blue-coated majesty of the law.

Cauthers had found them even more emotional and different in their ways and ideas than people in other spheres of life. With some he could sit and draw them on to tell this and that about their lives, homes and aims. With others it seemed impossible to gain their confidence. Like the rabbit in the country roadside, they would watch and wait, but the moment that they were approached, slink away in timid fright.

The room had been made to assume a certain look of order and respectability, and Cauthers was about to put on his hat and coat and start for home when there came a light rapping on the door.

In answer to Cauthers' "come in," the door was gently opened and "Raggsy," newsboy, orphan and homeless stood in the doorway.

"Raggsy" came under the head of unapproachables in Cauthers' classification. He was a wild, noisy, dirty little ragamuffin, who managed to keep body and soul together by selling newspapers, and by his winnings from "crap shooting;" for

among his associates, "Raggsy" was proverbial for his good fortune in that direction.

Notwithstanding his unkempt appearance and thoroughly wild and untamed nature there was much which appealed to Cauthers in the light curly hair, little smooth forehead, even profile and sparkling blue eyes. He was more troublesome in the "Club" than any other member. Constantly playing practical jokes which his companions took sometimes with noisy pleasure and more often by a show of fight, which "Raggsy" instantly took up. It needed but the hint that there might be a fight, to have the whole roomfull leave checkers and papers and rush pell mell to the portion of the room which was to be the scene of action. In this way "Raggsy" kept the place in constant menace of disorder and eruption, and all the mild and gentle reproaching which could be done by those in charge of the room for the evening seemed to be ineffectual.

He would stand and listen to what was being said with bowed head and downcast eyes, but as soon as the reprimand was over he would dart away, slapping some mate on the back of the head as he passed, and this would often precipitate another fracas on the spot. But to-night Cauthers had noted with some surprise that "Raggsy" had not been his usual self. He had taken a chair to one side of the room and tilting it back against the wall had put his feet up on the rungs in front and been absorbed in a copy of *St. Nicholas*. Many of his "pals" had come up to him during the evening but he would put them off without looking up from his paper, saying, "Ah, go on wid yer, don't yer see I'm jolly'n wid de book?"

"Come in, my boy," said Cauthers; "what can I do for you?"

"Raggsy" still stood undecided what to do as the dog will hesitate before accepting the proffered food from a strange hand. He was yet in front of the door which he had closed behind him, nervously tugging at his ragged felt hat which he held in his hands. His face wore a strangely anguished look for such a little chap—too old for a lad of possibly eight or nine years.

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His lips twitched nervously, as though impatient to say something, yet kept from doing so by fear and embarrassment.

A strong feeling of compassion came over Cauthers as he thought of this "poor little devil" alone in the world who, when he left the "Club," had no place to go but to sink down against some rough stone building over a grating in the sidewalk to seek sleep and warmth. He felt his heart go out to him as he stood there with unmistakable signs of sorrow traced on every feature of his little face, sorrow needing comfort and help, but with no place to turn for it.

"Come, 'Raggsy,' if there's anything I can do for you, don't be afraid to tell me. I want to help you very much—what can I do for you?"

The words came right from Cauther's heart. He could have picked up the poor waif and pressed it to his bosom, so strong was his pity for the little creature.

"I bin wantin' to speak to yer, Mister, but I didn'n have de noive, ye see, when de odder blokies was 'roun', an' den w'en dey'd went I didn' likes to be left alone wid ye, fur I didn' know as how you'd git sour on me and tell me to git t'ell out fur raisin de musses I bin raisin' in here, so I went out wid 'em, but—well, yer see, dere's a loidy wot's orful sick. She ain't no bluffer an' she treated me white, an' I likes 'er. She ain't got no 'sight,' but—an'—"

"You would like to have me go with you and see her?" Cauthers broke in.

"Dat's about de size of it; an' if I kin do somethin' to—to—well, I'll give ye a paper ev'ry mornin' fur nothin' until she's paid for; see?"

"Never mind about that just now, 'Raggsy.' I'll give you trust for just as long as you like. I'll get my hat and coat and go with you if you want me to."

"Raggsy" said nothing in answer, but his face said more than any words of his could have conveyed.

Cauthers felt that this experience was rather out of his ordinary method of doing things, but was glad that he could do something for the little fellow, and what could be more natural than

that he should be asked to give his aid in a professional way? The boys who made use of the privileges of the club were all aware that Cauthers was an M. D., for he had availed himself of this opportunity of treating the little fellows when they required medical assistance, and often he had obeyed the call of "Say, mister, won't yer fix up dis feller's mug wots bin in 'er scrap?" with a prompt application of sticking plaster and liniments, with which articles he always armed himself before he left his home. After getting his hat and coat and putting out the lights, Cauthers, with "Raggsy," stepped out into the street. They went down the Bowery, brightly illuminated and full of the bustle and activity which is usual about eleven o'clock. The fakirs on the sidewalks were plying their trade, each trying to outdo the other in his endeavor to attract the attention of the ceaseless throng of passers-by. They were of all nationalities and creeds and almost invariably of the lower class. The demi-monde was in evidence. Every now and then some flashily dressed woman without escort and whose diamonds glinted under the electric light, would pass, and her apparel was incongruous with the surroundings. Clerks with their best girls, with whom they had been spending an evening at the theatre or in some concert hall, and the native young "sports" who generally go about in "crowds" of four or five and who think the height of being sporty is to be obnoxious, make a noise and have their swagger presence felt—all were on hand.

Cauthers had a peculiar sensation come over him. It seemed strange to be led to where he knew not by this little stripling, whose head hardly came to Cauthers' waist. He had forgotten to ask where he was to go, and now the bustle of the street and the clatter of the elevated trains as they passed overhead would not let his question nor his answer be heard, unless he stooped down to do so. At all events, he had promised to do for the boy, so there need be no questioning, for he would have gone one way or the other. He really had no curiosity to know where he was going; he was wondering what was eventually going to happen, and what the surroundings and circumstances

were to be. They had walked about eight blocks when "Raggsy" turned into one of the side streets. It was in great contrast with the street where they had been walking—narrow and dark, lit up here and there by the dull light of a gas lamp. There were no people in it but themselves, and now and then they would pass by some truck which stood motionless and horseless in the gutter near the curb. Neither did any talking, for "Raggsy" was walking ahead as though impatient to reach his destination. In fact "Raggsy" would liked to have run, but he knew he could not ask the doctor to do the same, and there was no use in his running alone, as it would not get medical advice any sooner.

"Here's de joint," at length "Raggsy" volunteered, as he started to go up the steps of a building. From the light of a gas lamp across the street Cauthers saw that it was one of the poorer and more ordinary class of four-story brick houses, with green shutters, most of which were in the sad state of needing repair. Four stone steps, with a plain iron railing on each side, led up to the front door. Over the door was a sign, "Rooms to let." "Raggsy" preceded the doctor, and, without ringing, pushed open the door, and started to go up stairs.

There were no lights lit in the hall, and Cauthers felt his way by means of the banisters. There was no carpet on the stairs, and from all indications the rest of the house must have been in keeping. Cauthers was still on his upward course on the third flight, when a warning "s-h-h-h-h" came from above. "Raggsy" was standing in front of a door at the head of the stairs, and in the darkness Cauthers could see his little arm raised in caution.

"Dis is de place," he whispered, as his companion joined him.

Cauthers knocked gently on the door. There was a sound of a chair being pushed back, and then muffled steps approached the door and opened it.

"This little boy asked me to call here, saying that a lady was in need of medical assistance. Is there anything that I can do?" Cauthers asked of a nun, who had opened the door.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "Will you please step in? She's lying over there on the bed."

She had made way for him to enter as she spoke the words. Cauthers found himself in a little square room lighted by a student lamp with a green shade. Everything was poor in the room, but tasteful and neat. That it was a woman's apartment was made apparent by the little attempts at ornamentation.

On the bureau were a lot of photographs, mostly of concert-hall singers and dancers, while on one side of the room the wall was nearly covered by a big bill-poster, which had the announcement that "Mamzelle" Lena Mariotti, the dansense and songstress, was the attraction on the Madison Square Roof Garden, with a picture of the "Mamzelle" in stage regalia in the centre.

He remembered having seen her there, but before he had time to think of more or get more than this general idea of the room he was looking down at the sick woman. Her raven black hair was streaming in disorder over the pillows and stood out in tremendous contrast with their whiteness and the ashy paleness of her finely chiseled face.

Cauthers recognized her instantly as the "Mamzelle Lena Mariotti" whom he had seen three summers ago on the Roof Garden of Madison Square. He had not forgotten that July night. His practice had kept him confined to the city, so with a friend he had decided to spend a quiet evening in the Roof Garden. They were sitting at a little table together at one side of the garden enjoying some cold, refreshing beer. It had been a hot, close day, and then in the cool garden, with the bright colored lights all around, the happy, pleasure-seeking people and the music of the stringed instruments put new life into them and made of them new men. And then came Lena Mariotti's time to make her appearance. The orchestra had struck up a gay and pretty piece of music for her entrée. Then she came tripping lightly in and the audience had all clapped. She had nodded her head saucily to one side of the room and then the other with a happy, mischievous smile—a smile coming from a full consciousness of her knowledge that she was a favorite, that people loved to see her and hear her. She stood there with her

black tresses parted in the middle and drawn back over her ears, whose pink tips were each studded with a little sparkling diamond. A bright red rose nestled in her hair. A Spanish dress of black lace, trimmed with silver and reaching to her knees. Then the dainty black ribbed stockings and black shoes with silver bead ornaments. All about her the bright lights, and rising directly behind her up into the dark star-studded sky was the great illuminated tower of the garden. Cauthers could picture it all as though he had but just come from the scene. And as he looked at her now, dying in the dreary little room, she seemed like the charred and ugly stick, the remnant of a skyrocket which but a moment before had whirled grandly up into the heavens, leaving a trail of fierce light behind.

Cauthers saw at a glance that she was past all human aid. Even now she had but a few hours to live. He felt that he could do nothing, and to remain there with the two women seemed almost like sacrilege. He turned, and going up to the nun, said in an undertone, "She is not here for long; I can do nothing, so I will leave you—she may have something to say for your ears alone."

The nun bowed her head as Cauthers spoke; then when he had finished she looked into his face, while a tear glistened in her eyes: "It was very good of you to come."

He passed out of the door, closing it quietly behind him, and going down stairs regained the street. For the first time he thought of "Raggsy" since he had entered the room, but the little fellow had slipped off unseen and was nowhere to be found. When he reached the Bowery he hailed a passing cab, and telling the driver his destination got in and was driven home.

During this ride his mind was occupied with the thoughts of the woman dying alone and uncared for in that little attic room, unmourned save by poor dirty little "Raggsy," to whom she had been "white" and no "bluffer."

But, after all, perhaps she had been cared for, and perhaps mourned when she had by her own waywardness killed herself long before, and buried herself from them—who can tell?

* * * * *

Easter morning broke clear and cloudless, and the sun had some of that mellow warmth which betokens the arrival of spring—that first real warmth of which we are aware which gives rise to a serious consideration of putting aside winter apparel.

Cauthers's first thought was whether or no Mamzelle Mariotti had passed away during the night. He felt pretty certain, however, that she had not lived to greet the Easter morn.

He had gotten ready to go to church that morning, for an old college-mate, who was now a preacher in one of the large Western cities, was to preach the Easter sermon.

Cauthers had not seen him for a number of years—not since they had parted after their graduation day.

"Sport" Weston—that was his nickname in college, and he was worthy of it at the time. A wild, dissipated fellow, nobody knew anything about his affairs, for he never boasted nor spoke of his escapades—but that he was wild and dissipated needed no further mention; the money he spent and his drinking while in college confirmed it. But he was good-hearted and generous to a fault. This was probably the cause of all Weston's troubles. Everybody liked him, but too many took advantage of his good failing.

Then the first thing Cauthers had heard of Weston after leaving college was the great change which had suddenly come over him. He had steadied himself and had taken an active interest in religious affairs. At the time Cauthers had laughed, as many others had probably done, and he remembered having wagered a box of cigars as to the time it would take this religious excitement to wear off and he should again fall into his old ways. But Cauthers, with all the others who had smiled, had reckoned wrongly. The light had come to Weston, and it had come to stay, and to-day he was one of the most earnest and devoted ministers in the Church.

So it was with a feeling of mingled curiosity and interest that Cauthers went to church that morning; curiosity to see how his old college mate looked now—interest brought about by his

knowledge of the preacher's past life, and his four years' association with him while at college.

Cauthers was walking up Fifth Avenue, one of that great procession of fashion and elegance. As far as he could see was a great stream of humanity churchward bent. People in the higher walks of life—representatives of luxury and wealth. Cauthers let his thoughts take their own sweet will, and he began to wonder, to his own amusement, what the personal property which was now on the avenue amounted to in dollars and cents. He wondered how many of these fashionably-bedecked individuals merely existed through the week in order to have the joy of displaying themselves on the avenue on Sunday mornings. Deprived of the almighty dollar, he wondered how far the intellect would go as a substitute. He had been looking at things from the point of view of the comic paper, but somehow he felt that he should really like to know just how far they were right. It seemed but a very short time to him before he stood before the church, so interested had he become in observing the different characters as they went by him and passing his judgment on them in connection with money vs. gray brain matter.

Cauthers entered the church and was shown to a seat half-way down the middle aisle.

The Rev. Edward Weston had not changed to any great extent since he had left college. The dissipated look had all gone, and had been replaced by a firm, steady and kindly one. He was still smooth-faced, but the lines of his mouth were more fixed, while his hair had become a little more scant. He spoke in the same rather drawling way, but not from indifference and nonchalance now, but from an earnestness—a desire to impress what he was saying. He was speaking of the Risen Christ, and was symbolizing it with the weak, sinning man who was shaking off the fetters of sin and rising to that life of purity and thoughtfulness to which he should strive—the rise from the dark abyss of thoughtlessness, vice and misery into the perfect light of God's love.

Cauthers was much impressed by Weston's words. He felt that every utterance came from the depth of his heart; that he knew and understood about what he was talking, for he himself had been one of those who had erred and who had risen above it. Cauthers had no opportunity to see his friend after the service, so had to content himself with once more joining the parade of fashion on Fifth Avenue. His thoughts once more reverted to the woman he had left dying the night before, and from an interest he felt in her, both on her own account and that of "Raggy," he decided to go down there again before he returned home. He took a cab in front of the Waldorf and was driven there.

The house looked more dilapidated and old now than it did the night before, when its shabbiness had been partly lost in the darkness. A black crêpe band was fastened on the bell-handle. Cauthers went quietly up stairs and at the door of the room was met once more by the same nun who was keeping vigil when he was there before.

"She is dead," the nun said softly; "she passed away quietly at two o'clock this morning. Everything has been settled for her burial. She had a little sum of money—what she had put by—which will defray all her expenses."

There was nothing which Cauthers could do, and he was about to withdraw when the nun laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Before she died," she continued, "she gave me a little package and the names she wished put to a personal which she wanted inserted in the paper. She did not wish it opened until the personal was answered, when it should be delivered up. If you will take charge of this matter, sir, it would be a great favor to me. I know nothing more than what you yourself now know."

"I will see to it," Cauthers said simply. The nun crossed over to the bureau and returned with a small square package wrapped in brown paper and fastened with red sealing wax, and also an envelope. She gave these to Cauthers, who immediately departed.

On reaching home he went right up to his study and put the package in the drawer of his desk. He found that the envelope contained the two names to be affixed to the personal which was to be inserted in the paper.

The next day the *New York Herald* appeared with the following personal :

"NED.—Call at No. —, Madison avenue, for package from
"LENA."

Cauthers had this inserted each day, and at the end of a week, there being still no answer, he gave instructions to put it in regularly until he should send word to the contrary. In the meantime he had looked up "Raggsy," whom he had found very much subdued and grieved by the death of the woman who, in one way or another, had taken a kindly interest in him and his troubles. Cauthers was touched by this devotion on the little fellow's part and had done all he could to cheer him up. He had fitted him out with a new set of wearing apparel, and had told him that if he was ever in trouble of any kind he should call at his home on Madison avenue.

So the time slipped by and Cauthers had rather lost sight of his "personal" and the circumstances connected with it, owing to his practice which he had to attend to and the other affairs of his daily life.

He was sitting in his study one evening after the close of his office hours, taking a quiet smoke, when the door-bell rang and a moment later the Rev. Edward Weston was shown into the room. It was a quiet and impressive meeting between these two men who had not seen each other since they had parted at college. Strange to them both, each knowing the circumstances which had existed at the time they had separated.

Cauthers felt that to talk of the old times would not be a pleasant memory to Weston, and Weston on his part did not allude to it further than the fact that they had been friends together.

Cauthers had shown Weston to the big study chair in front of the desk in the middle of the room and was himself standing opposite to him with his back toward the fireplace.

They talked about general topics, spoke of the different men who had gone through college with them and told one another what had become of each as one or the other happened to know.

But Weston seemed pre-occupied. He spoke of these matters more or less indifferently, as though distasteful to him and as though there was something else to which he would come. Finally, during a break in the conversation, Weston leaned forward and in a voice which illy disguised emotion said:

"Cauthers, I have come here for a package, in answer to a personal."

Cauthers looked at him incredulously a moment, then answered, "Why, yes, I have it here. Have you found the person for whom it was meant?"

"Yes; it is for me."

Cauthers slowly took his hands out of his pockets and walked mechanically over to the desk and without saying a word took out the package, which he put into Weston's hands and then slowly went back to his former position.

Weston fondled it in his hands a few moments, looking down on it with his head bowed, then slowly broke open the seals and removed the paper covering. It had enveloped a plain little wooden box whose cover Weston now removed. He took out two little framed miniatures which he gazed at intently for a few moments, then, placing them face up on the desk in front of him, bent forward over them with his temples resting in his hands and his elbows on the desk. Apart from the fingers which twitched nervously as they were run through the hair on each side of his head he did not move. He sat there as though dazed with fierce and painful recollections tearing through his brain. Suddenly a great sob escaped him and his head sank down on his arms on the desk.

Cauthers went to his side and put his hand gently on his shoulder but he could say nothing. There was nothing for him to say. He stood there beside Weston, whose whole frame shook as the great sobs now unrestrained escaped one after another from his lips.

Gradually he became quieter, and sitting up he reached for Cauthers's hand, which he held with a firm grasp, the grasp of a man who feels that he wants comforting, that a fellow-being should feel for him.

"Cauthers," he said, "she was my wife."

Cauthers could say nothing, but gripped Weston's hand with strong sympathetic hold and stood silent with bowed head.

"Yes, she was my wife," Weston went on in his characteristic drawling way, while his thoughts seemed for off—"she was my wife and I married her because I loved her—because we loved each other. My parents had always opposed the marriage, so we were married without their knowledge. You know what kind of a fellow I was, Cauthers, when at college. This happened during my senior year. I drank, and I would come home and abuse her—even strike her. Bah!—I was a brute when under the influence of liquor—not a vestige of my true self remained. We had a child born to us—a son, but she had left me before that, so I've never looked upon his face. Yes, I came home one night after an evening of carousal—I don't know what I did, Cauthers—but when I came to myself the next morning, after I had lain in a drunken stupor all night, she had gone. I told you I loved her. I did; I loved her with all my heart and soul, but when the demon of rum got into me I forgot everything—forgot her whom I loved so tenderly when I was my true self. She had gone—gone with her unborn babe—where, where I knew not. I have not seen nor heard of her since. But Cauthers, that was the dawning of a new life for me. My old ways stood out black before me in all their hideousness. I had been blind to it all before—but I saw it now—saw it in the broad light of my awakened senses, by the awful throes of my own guilty conscience. I saw life anew. I realized for the first time what indifference and thoughtlessness were. I was a reformed man. I worked, I struggled. I felt that my mission was to save others from the tortures I had undergone. And here I am, Cauthers. That morning made me what I am. But my wife—my wife Cauthers and the child whom I had never seen, for four years I sought them with energy

born of despair. I felt that I must find them. I had to find them, Cauthers. I couldn't undo the wrong I had done but— Ah, Cauthers, when I find her she is dead ! ”

Weston had sunk back into his seat, his chin down on his chest, while his fingers tapped nervously, despairingly on the arms of the chair.

“There she is, Cauthers,” he mournfully added, “as she was at the time we were married. Look at her, Cauthers—my wife.” He had picked up the little framed miniature, and handed it to him. Cauthers looked at it intently, and he could easily imagine the woman he had seen dying to have looked like the picture he now held.

“And here's my boy, Cauthers—the boy I've never seen—my son, my own flesh and blood. Good God ! Cauthers,” he suddenly cried out, “my boy, my son. Where is he ? ” Again Weston broke into great sobs.

Cauthers quietly picked up the other miniature, and looked at it. It was that of a little boy of perhaps two or three years. He gazed at it more intently, and his forehead began to wrinkle as if in thought. Looking again, as if to satisfy himself on some point, he laid it down on the table, and then put his arm about Weston's neck.

“You shall have your son,” he said, quietly. It was “Raggsy.”

Franklin B. Morse.

A STUDY IN INFERENCE.

A MONOLOGUE.

Scene.—Class Day. The cannon amphitheatre. White toilets. Waving fans. Parti-colored parasols.

A sweet young thing—a neophyte. Her brother. Her friend, dearer than a brother.

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Oh, Mr. Witherspoon, how nice of you to come up here, instead of sitting off down there in the sun, all by yourself. You have to go down in a few moments ? Oh, I'm so sorry. I do wish you would stay up here

and explain things to me. Jack is so provoking, I can't rely upon a word he says. Yes, we *are* fortunate in the weather. What *would* we have done if it had rained! A mackintosh crushes one's sleeves so. Besides, the light ones are so very unbecoming. You needn't laugh. I don't believe your gowns are all fast color. Yes, this is my first visit. I wanted to come on Washington's Birthday, but Jack said he was too well acquainted with the Senior Orator. That was what *I* told him. A *very* poor excuse. The game? Oh, yes, indeed, I was there. In the grand-stand. You didn't see me? I was way over on the left, behind the place where all the—the fouls and things are knocked. Wasn't it just grand? I burst my glove applauding, once. Jack said it was a fellow on the other side that made the hit. I don't care though, he was awfully good-looking. The buildings? Yes, I've seen most of them. Jack showed us the places he was most familiar with. The Chapel and the Halls—

They're going to begin.

Isn't that lovely! I adore Strauss. His waltzes tire one so, one always has to sit them out. Oh, thank you. A parasol is *such* a nuisance. We found them so inconvenient at the shore last August—the small ones I mean. They're scarcely large enough for one, let alone—Who is he? He's very handsome, but his gown is such a shocking fit. Looks like a Beardsley drawing. Master of what? Oh, Jack was Master of Ceremonies once. He never told us about it, but I found out from the scrap-book he left home—on a Menu-card you know. "Age, twenty-one," it said, "cabs for the entire party." Wasn't that extravagant! There, that's the man that visited at our school on the wrong evening, when they don't allow callers. He—

THE HISTORIAN—

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Oh, dear, I missed that entirely. What *are* they laughing at? Why shouldn't he bathe in the canal? They *made* him? How dreadful! A Russian massage would have been so much nicer. Perhaps they gave him that, too? Jack never said they were so considerate. He said the Sophomores were—

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—How funny! I suppose he was fond of sacred music. But why did he climb a tree to sing? To be alone? "Nearer My God to Thee" is such a beautiful hymn, too. I should think—

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Wasn't that exciting? Didn't it break your ribs or something? Why do you call it a rush? It must have been just like Captain King's battles. Did you have—of course not, how silly of me. Of course you didn't have a band of music.

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—What fun! I love to snow-ball. What made him stay in his room? Was he fond of reading? Afraid—of a harmless little snowball!

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—How lovely! I envy him. Did he go to Europe? Not shipped by steamer? How—where is Cranbury? Oh! *sent away*? How stupid of me!

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—How dreadful! And did they keep him locked in all night, just for a horrid sign? Why didn't he have one *painted*, it would have been much cheaper. Trenton is such a peculiar town! When Jack was at Lawrenceville—

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—I wish he *would* be clearer. I don't understand that at all. It was you he meant, wasn't it? What made you give your watch to the gentleman to keep—a friend? Are you fond of cards? Yes, it is very warm. I should think you'd melt in those black gowns. But please explain—

THE HISTORIAN— * * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Oh, tell me, please, what was that like? Not pleasant, with all those learned gentlemen to talk to? When does the Faculty meet? How did they entertain

you? A tea? Now you're joking. Oh, never mind Jack. He's laughing because he thinks I don't understand—

THE HISTORIAN—

* * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—There, is that another nickname? Oh! Two men in your class of the same name? How inconvenient! "Small bot." I see. He's fond of cologne.

THE HISTORIAN—

* * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Oh, that was all so clever. And did he write it every bit himself? He'll be a very Bancroft some day. What did he mean by saying you'd like to be engaged? Please explain. Oh, *must* you go? Won't you take my fan, you look so warm and—uncomfortable. The Presentation's next? Oh, yes, be sure you do. Come up again after this—

THE PRESENTATION ORATOR—

* * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Oh, *show* it to me! I'm so glad you kept your promise and brought it up. I'm just consumed with curiosity. How odd! A cunning little harp! He said he knew that you could play it, because you have a delicate touch. How did he know? He'd felt it? You'd touched him for an X? What *do* you mean? Yes, that would make a splendid two-step. But one does grow so tired of Sousa. Yes, Jack's got my card. It *will* be very warm for dancing. But tell me, please, why did they give that can of oil to the studious-looking gentleman with the long hair? 'Twas midnight oil? But why did the tall, nice-looking fellow get the umbrella? For a parachute? Oh, I see; to ease the descent from his own estimation to that of other people. How cruel! And then I felt so sorry for the light-haired sheepish one that everybody laughed so much at. He seemed so unpopular, poor fellow. The president of the class? You don't mean it! I'm sure I never should have guessed. Oh, there, the next man's going to speak. What does he have? The Prophecy? Jack did so wish that he had been the Prophet—before the game last fall. He said he never would have dropped—

THE PROPHET—

* * * *

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—I really think that *will* come true. I'm sure he'll be a financier. I remember his name among the other things in Jack's scrap-book. There was a little round blue ivory disc, and under it: "Bill Blackley kept the bank. Fifty to the good." He looks like a business man, I think, don't you? Oh! not that one? The third one from the end, with the nose like Francis Wilson's? Why, that's Jack's room-mate. *He'll* never make a millionaire. He wastes his allowance all on violets and Huyler's. You see, he knew Miss Sweet from Baltimore, at school. They're engaged now—just an understanding, though. You mustn't breathe a word. She didn't want it known—

THE CENSOR—

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—Oh, that was prosy! He didn't mention you or Jack a single time. You've got to go, again? Yes, I'll be there from the first dance to the very last, if I can get poor Mama to stay through. Three straight? Of course not? How dare you ask! But—, wait until to-morrow. Perhaps—I'll see. If my card gets lost. *Please* save me one of those pretty painted pipes you're going to smoke. No, I never quite attempted that, but those tiny Egyptian cigarettes—Good-bye. Remember the three, to-morrow night.

John Hamilton Thacher.

THE ENDING OF A DREAM.

THE afternoon sun was struggling to light up the little dingy back-room of one of the old houses which for years had been the last landmarks of Old Greenwich Village. The paper was hanging in festoons from the bent and cracking ceiling. The walls had long since given up the attempt to stand straight, and it sometimes seemed as though nothing but the support of the towering buildings about it, kept the old house from giving up in despair.

But Pierre Duval had never known any other home in the great busy city. Forty years before, when he came to New

York, his violin under his arm, and plenty of ambition, he had by chance come to the little old house, and perhaps because he was somewhat heartsick for sunny France, and it looked more homelike than the more modern tenements about it, he had rented the little back room. Things were different then. The house was forty years younger; new paper made the walls look almost plumb; paint hid the marks on the wood-work, and—well, Pierre's ambition was young too.

He sat in the room to-day. In some way the little patch of light which crept slowly along the wall outside, and at length sprang with a bound into the little room, had always seemed a friend whom he must greet each day. To be sure it was only there for about fifteen minutes, as the sun passed the opening between two buildings directly behind the college, but Pierre never missed its visit. He would come in and sit in his great arm-chair directly in front of the window and wait, with his head thrown back and eyes closed, until he felt the warm touch on his face. Then he would smile a welcome to his visitor and move slowly along in his chair until the last shaft disappeared from the room and commenced crawling along the wall on the other side of the window.

When he had first come the sun used to touch his hair and light it up until it shone with almost the lustre of a black diamond; but as the years passed, bringing disappointment and failure, you would only have thought of the silver maple, had you been in the little room with old Pierre and the sun. Sometimes when Duval took his place in the orchestra of the little second-rate theatre, where he had played for years, he would sit with his head bowed upon his breast and his hands only just touching the strings listlessly, as he waited for the tap of the leader's baton, and then he would play with such abandon and fervor as to make the men who sat beside him stare in amazement. This was on cloudy days, but those about him never thought of that. Cloudy days meant nothing to them. Mrs. East, the landlady, often told Pierre that he ought to try for a better position, but he would shake his head slowly. After all, she was most concerned with the price of meat and vegetables and the effort to

pay the expenses of her house. She did not know, what Pierre did, that seventy years is no age at which to make changes. Pierre's right arm was growing a little weak.

To-day he sat long after the sun had gone, lying back quietly in his chair. Probably he was not very hungry, for six o'clock passed unnoticed and it was only as the clock struck seven in the church near by, that he roused himself, took up his dingy black violin case, and started towards the Bowery to his work.

Yes, he was a first violin. He had often pictured himself sitting in the front row of the violins, holding the audience spell-bound with his wonderful touch. He never thought of that now. He knew that there were only three violins in the little orchestra, and that no one in the audience looked lower than the stage, or thought of the white-haired man playing his life away, that the clown might have an accompaniment to his song.

What mattered it that Pierre knew that if he should stop the men who played the other two violins would have to stop also; Pierre knew that they only scraped along, following him as best they could. They were only eighteen and twenty, respectively. Yes, Pierre knew this, but no one else did.

To-night he took his place, and nodded cherrily to those about him.

"You feel better, Pierre, to-night?" asked one.

Pierre thanked him, and said that he did. He even thought he was quite well again, only a little tired.

Presently the leader tapped and Pierre raised his bow. The baton fell and another evening's work commenced. Duvalé never thought much about the play above him, except as he must listen to come in on time. After he once learned the music it was mere mechanical work. It wasn't at first, but that too, was forty years ago.

But to-night Pierre had a strange idea. He thought he would like to see how he could play; to imagine himself, for once, before a crowded house, the people hanging breathless on his every note. Yes, he would try. He sat erect; his eyes sparkled, the

dusty hangings and the pale faces before him gave way to the gorgeous decorations and the rows and boxes of fashionably dressed people, as he had once seen them when at the opera years before, and he played—played so that the other two violins stopped and their instruments fell to their laps, while he went on alone, and they gazed upon him in awe. Then the music ceased and the vision faded just as the dream audience were bursting into thunderous applause, and Pierre was again first violin in the little Bowery theatre.

He was putting his violin into the case, after the performance, when he felt a touch upon his shoulder. Pierre turned quickly and found himself face to face with a slightly built, dark haired man whom he had noticed in the front row during the evening.

"Pardon, Monsieur," said the stranger, "might I talk with you for a moment." He spoke with a strong French accent, and Pierre's face lighted. It was a long time since he had heard any French beside that of Miss East, the landlady's daughter, whom he taught in part payment for his board. She had more enthusiasm than talent for languages.

Pierre answered him in French, and the men walked away together.

"Monsieur will pardon me," said the stranger when Pierre had given him his name, "if I intrude in his private affairs when I speak of his occupation, but may I ask, is he satisfied with his engagement?"

Pierre looked at him in wonder.

"You are very kind," he said simply. "It is a very good one. The pay is not large, but it is all I need. Could I want more?"

"I only thought," responded his companion, "that you might be willing to make a change. If you will permit me," he said, bowing slightly, monsieur has too much talent to remain in such a place. He would do much better to try a different engagement."

Pierre's eyes had lighted up as the man spoke; now the shadow fell again.

"I am too old," he said sadly. "It is impossible."

"Indeed, no," said the other; "no one who can play as you played to-night need fear of that. See, I make you an offer. I am in need of two more violins for my orchestra; some one spoke to me of you, and I came to hear you to-night. Will you come with me?"

Pierre hesitated a moment; more than once he had been so spoken to, but the offers had never seemed such that he was willing to break in upon the habit of years. Should he try once more?

"Where should I play?" he asked at length.

He did not notice how closely his companion was watching him.

"At the Metropolitan," the other said quietly.

Pierre stopped suddenly and leaned helplessly against a railing they were passing.

"Monsieur is pleased to joke," he said bitterly. "I must go," and he took a step forward. His companion laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"My friend," he said, "I did not joke. I make you the offer; do you accept?"

Pierre put his hand to his head. There was a mist before his eyes and a singing in his ears. All the blood in his body seemed as though rushing to his head with a dull throbbing sensation. For a moment he wavered feebly and then after a moment with a supreme effort he steadied himself. "I must think," he said, "It is hard to believe."

"Surely," said the other. "It is but natural that you should wish to wait. If you accept, will you come to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock? My card," he said, handing Pierre a bit of pasteboard. "Ask for me at the door and you will attend the rehearsal."

Pierre hardly knew when the other left him. His head was in a whirl, as he tottered slowly home. When the stranger had given him his name, he had never for a moment thought of him as the well-known musician and orchestra leader, but now he knew that it was true. Yes, he, Pierre Duval, almost eighty years old, could, if he liked, play before the greatest audience in

the city. It had come late, but was it not worth the waiting? And yet he *had* waited so long. But what, after all, did it matter. It was all the more welcome now. The terrible sense of loneliness was gone, some one appreciated at last. He was going into the world. People must hear him, and then—

He had almost forgotten where he was going, and as he looked up, he saw that he had passed the house, but he smiled contentedly to himself. It didn't matter to him. He walked briskly up the steps and opened the door with his key. The light was burning low in the hall, but he stopped for a moment and looked curiously at the reflection in the glass opposite him. No, his hair was not white, that was only because it was dark. It was almost always dark in his little room, too. No one would take him for eighty. He didn't look it and he felt so young. Perhaps he wasn't eighty, he might have made a little mistake in the long years of waiting. But that was all over.

He started up-stairs to his room, but he could not move slowly, he began to hasten, little by little, until at last he went up the last flight as lightly as a boy, two steps at a time. He was somewhat out of breath as he reached the door, but he didn't notice it. "I couldn't be old and do that, could I?" he said to himself.

He laid his case gently on the table and took off his coat and hat. Then, instead of going to bed as usual, he threw up his window, fixed the big chair, and sat down.

Slowly he rehearsed every word the stranger had spoken. So that was the reason that he had sat in the front row, directly at Pierre's right hand, and listened so intently. What did he mean by saying that he had heard of him? Whom did he know who could have told him? Then Pierre suddenly smiled a little guiltily. Perhaps, after all, some one had noticed his playing and spoken about it. Yes, that must be it. And his vision had come true, too. All at once a look almost of fear came across his face. How had he happened to think of that to-night? What had put it into his heart to do as he had? For Pierre knew that he had seldom played as he had done that night.

Surely some power must have told him that he must. After a pause, Pierre slipped to his knees and prayed. You see it meant so much to him.

Presently he rose, and stood for a moment hesitating. Then he felt for his violin, and drew it from its case. Lovingly he pressed it to his side as he walked back to the chair and sat down again. It took but a moment to tighten the bow, and then softly, as though not to make a discord, he picked at the strings to see if they were in tune, and then drew his bow across once. Then he commenced to play; softly at first and slowly; now one chord, then a single sustained tone, dying away into the darkness; now a sad chromatic scale, as though a feather were falling gently in the air. All at once a thought seemed to strike him, and he commenced again. The air he was playing was but one of the peasant songs of sunny France, a little cradle lullaby. He had hardly thought of it for years, but it came as though by instinct. He saw again the little cottage, with its coarse thatch; his mother standing by the door, holding a little child in her arms and crooning softly as she swayed gently to and fro. Softer and softer grew her voice, and as the little head dropped drowsily upon her arm, she ceased.

The music had changed. Joyously, happily rang out the notes of the fiddlers as they played upon the green, while the young men and girls danced happily here and there. He was among them, the gayest. Ah, how the music brought it back—all back. He must remember the air and learn it all again. He had forgotten the last part, but— The little room was quiet for a moment. Then slowly, majestically swelled out the wedding march. He had risen, and was standing erect and proud as he played, his head a little bent over the instrument so that his white hair fell around his flushed brow. Eagerly he played upon all the strings, triumphantly now, then softening down almost to a whisper as he thought of the girl who had stood beside him. Then the music changed again. Soft and low it murmured in the little room, like the rippling of a woodland brook.

He was but thinking in music, not playing anything he had ever heard. Gradually the notes grew louder and more sustained. The time changed, and now and again above the first

air came the harsh notes of the heavy bass strings, at first in harmony, then gradually coming with more and more frequent recurrence, until at length they drowned the simple air and he was playing passionately, recklessly, almost discordantly. Suddenly, there was a crash, one of the strings had parted and hung useless as he continued playing upon the others. Again the music softened. He was on the water, leaving forever, France and the bitter memories of his disgrace. Slowly rising and falling with the steady heave of the great ocean's breath, the music rose and fell, now stormy and boisterous, now tranquil and sunny. Gradually there emerged a long, sustained chord, changing now to the minor, then again branching out into a little snatch of some familiar song, now pitifully sobbing out the same discordant notes as before, as though the musician could not control his trembling touch. All at once there was a sudden rush of harmony, another snap, and one more broken string. Up and down in all possible shades of time and tone continued the music; now soaring high and seeming to be almost beyond the possibilities of the instrument, and now deep and slow as though in sorrow and despair.

A last time the music changed. Happily as before, all the other themes seemed to be blended together in one supreme effort. Now the wedding march; now the dance, the ocean and storm, but ever and anon the same hopeless discord.

Again the happy waltz music, pure and distinct, but fainter.

A happy smile crossed the old man's face as he drew near the close of the melody.

Then suddenly, without a moment's warning, the violin and bow dropped from the musician's nerveless hand, and fell with a crash to the floor and lay there pitifully, the broken strings stretching out in all directions.

When they found him, the next morning, the broken violin was lying at his feet and the old man sat with his head thrown back against the chair.

It was a cloudy day, but the sunlight seemed to shine in his face, for he was smiling as if in welcome. He was back again in Happy France.

Howard Eskin White.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, the Class of '94, with the deepest sorrow bear of the sudden death of their beloved classmate, William R. Woodruff, of Elizabeth, N. J., a companion whose qualities and sympathetic friendship endeared him to us all; and

WHEREAS, an All-Wise Providence has seen fit to close his promising career by removing him from our earthly fellowship; and

WHEREAS, the memory of his Christian life shall ever follow us as an influence and an example of that which is noblest and highest, be it

Resolved, That we whose grief is but feebly shown by this public expression of it do extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, and do commend them to the solace and comfort of Him in whom our classmate believed, and who alone has brought life and immortality to light; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded in writing to the family and that they be sent to *The Daily Princetonian*, *Alumni Princetonian*, *THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, of the College, and the papers of Elizabeth, for publication.

J. R. SWAIN,
H. H. CONDIT,
C. A. ROBINSON,

Committee on behalf of the Class.

EDITORIAL.

WE take pleasure in announcing the election of the following men to constitute the LIT. Board from the Class of '96:

Managing Editor.

MR. ALFRED L. P. DENNIS, New York.

Associate Editors.

MR. FRANCIS C. McDONALD, Pennsylvania.

MR. LAURANCE F. BOWER, Pennsylvania.

MR. JOHN J. MOMENT, Ontario.

MR. DAVID POTTER, New Jersey.

MR. ROY S. MORRIS, California.

THE prize offered for the best two poems from one contributor published during the college year, has been awarded to Mr. Francis C. McDonald. The poems, "The Old, Old Story," and "To An Alchemist," have been judged the best of any submitted.

TO our printers, Messrs. MacCrellish & Quigley, of Trenton, we wish to express our appreciation of their efficient services. Whatever excellence the LIT. has attained in a typographical way has been due to their neat and expeditious treatment of their work.

OUR VALEDICTORY CHAPTER

THERE is only one thing more unpleasant than a formal introduction and that is a formal good-bye.

We have noticed with much interest in the past, the "farewells" with each successive board of LIT. editors have embellished their April numbers. But whether it was due to that degenera-

tion which Dr. Max Nordau so savagely assures us we are all afflicted with, or whether to that natural perversity that leads one to resent a set occasion for the display of sentiment, it was decided by the present board that when the appointed time came no such drafts on the feelings would be honored. Nothing was to have been said about Ninety-Five's having run its race and fought the good fight. No allusion was to have been made to its laying down the much-worn quills, nor were they to have even spoken of passing from the scene and mingling forever with the past. They were to have explained with dignity their policy aims, and how far they had clung to them and then to have retired without unnecessary ceremony. But as they have counted the days passing one by one and they look back on the pleasant recollections of their editorial experience, they realize that they have struck deeper roots in the life of the last year than they had suspected—that perhaps the pleasantest chapter of college life is closing now. And so they are bound to acknowledge that it is not without a tinge of sadness that they hand over their robes of office to their successors.

When we turn to our little volume that has been growing from month to month, bearing in its pages the literary foot-prints of a college year, it is with the hope that the utmost leniency will be extended to us for our errors, and that the kindly mantle of compassion will be thrown over our shortcomings. We have at least accepted the office entrusted to us, with a sincere appreciation of its responsibilities. It has been our effort to make the *LIT.* a stimulant to the better impulses of college life. We cannot accept the opinion that the *LIT.* is withdrawn to a "field of quiet and repose," where topical discussion and censorial supervision are unknown. It may have possessed the blessings of such a scholarly mission in the past, but to-day its function is too well defined to permit the enjoyment of any such reclusive haunts. It must be above the plane of controversy. But it must never for a moment forget its duty of voicing undergraduate thought. We do not believe that we have been mistaken in affirming that a magazine is for the magazine's public. It is primarily evident that to be useful it must be *read*. It must, as

far as possible be a stimulant and a nourishing food. To the college periodical, the outside world looks for the most direct expression of all the "best that is known and thought" in the college world. If we may be pardoned the allusion, we would point for proof of this, to the frequent quotations from our college journals, found in current numbers of the daily papers. That the responsibility resting on the college magazine is a grave one, has never been more true than to-day. For twenty years we have seen the development in our large universities of that force which we are pleased to call the Athletic Fever. Without any attempt at further analysis of this factor, it is plain that the LIT. as a bulwark against its inroads, has a special mission to fulfill.

The editors have endeavored to conduct the magazine during the past year, with a due regard for these principles. They have tried to make the LIT. *read* and *widely* read. They have persisted in the hopelessly materialistic theory that it must be conducted on sound, nineteenth-century, business principles. Essays have treated largely of subjects of contemporaneous interest. Their style has been less critical, possibly less profound; at least, we hope, less indigestible. In recognition of the fact that the short story is forming one of the accepted fields for the literary activity of to-day, the greatest attention has been bestowed upon the department of fiction. We have endeavored as far as possible to relieve it from the morbid, dyspeptic influence of the undergraduate cynic and at the same time to keep it above the plane of mere trivial anecdote or campus chat.

It has been our privilege to consider editorially a number of questions affecting the welfare of the College. We have had occasion to suggest certain reforms that appeared worthy of serious thought. A careful and sober consideration of these questions has always been the basis for our suggestions, nor can we resign our office without reiterating the hope that the next generation of undergraduates will see the perfection and enjoy the benefits, of these reforms. The careful reconstruction of some of the details of the curriculum; the development of the mass-meeting as a power in college; the systematic and formal recognition of college journalism; the centralization of the

financial power in the office of University Athletic Treasurer, are a few of the progressive steps which we have earnestly advocated and which we believe ought certainly to be taken.

Our relations with our college contemporaries have been of the pleasantest nature. Toward the *Princetonian* we have cherished a feeling of brotherly partnership in the responsibility of voicing undergraduate sentiment. Its recent change to a morning issue cannot fail to meet with the hearty commendation and support of the College. The *Alumni Princetonian* has blossomed into a flourishing prosperity. It supplies a need that has long been felt by the alumni for some brief weekly epitome of college news.

For our laughing, bright-eyed, sharp-clawed contemporary of the mortar-board and striped coat, we have entertained the most wholesome respect. It has a mission in college as definite and as important as any other undergraduate institution. The power of satire is as distinctly felt to-day as in the time of Aristophanes. It serves a valuable purpose. There is a species of abuse and underhand newspaper comment that every institution of Princeton's size becomes subject to nowadays. To probe this, to show the sham and bring to light the truth with the keen edge of satire, is the duty and office of the *Tiger*. We wish it long life and an extra supply of large, easy targets for its shafts.

And so it is that we close this valedictory chapter of the '95 volume with a feeling of sincere regret that the pleasant relations of the past year are now to be terminated. To the college we wish to express our sincere thanks for the appreciation of our efforts that it has manifested by its hearty support. To our successors we would turn over the keys with full confidence that in their keeping the *LIT.* will continue to hold the place conceded to it by the kind opinions of exchanges, as the first among college periodicals. Our volume we have closed and placed upon the shelves. There from year to year other volumes will be piled upon it, until its leaves are streaked and yellow. And with the growth of college literary perception its contents will be as old, as thickly spotted with mistakes and crude conceptions, as its pages are with age. But for us it will always give vividness to

reminiscence—it will be a monument of our college days to all that we have thought; all that we have learned; all that we have hoped!

THE DEFICIT AGAIN.

WE ARE informed that the efforts of the committee appointed for collecting subscriptions for the foot-ball deficit have met with the most meagre success. Scarcely \$400 have been raised. This confronts us with a very serious situation. We cannot believe that the apathy displayed by the college can be the result of a thoughtful consideration of this matter. There are a few facts which we think have been entirely overlooked by the undergraduates in the attitude they have taken toward this crisis. The fact that it *is* a crisis seems to have been totally neglected. That the credit of the Princeton Athletic Association is at stake; that the buildings and grounds owned by that association are subject to attachments for satisfying these obligations; that the integrity and honor of the University as a whole, hang on this issue, seem to have been entirely forgotten. The mistakes that have led up to these conditions have nothing whatever to do with the case, except in so far as they give us experience for avoiding their repetition. We are under the necessity of meeting the problem fairly and honestly as it confronts us to-day. It is a responsibility that rests on the undergraduate shoulders and cannot be shifted or evaded. The shareholders in a corporation are compelled by law to be responsible for the liabilities incurred by the officers they elect. The present deficit, whether it was avoidable or not, was incurred by officers whom the college had itself elected. They were its legal and authorized representatives, and the debts they have incurred must be assumed by the shareholders of the college corporation. But the vital point in this situation is, that the property of the Association—the grand-stand, athletic club-house and accessories, are open to immediate attachments, with the attendant danger of foreclosure unless the debts be finally liquidated.

Any such extreme juncture as this would, we feel sure, be deplored by every man in college, be his sense of college-patriotism ever so small. The irreparable damage that would be done to the credit, not to speak of the honor of the University, could not fail to be a matter of the deepest regret to all. The suggestions made to the committee of other ways of meeting this deficit have all of them the evident flavor of an attempted evasion of duty. That the money be borrowed from other sources and paid next fall out of the foot-ball receipts, is very apparently impracticable when it is borne in mind that these receipts have materially diminished in the last year, and that with one large game less on the schedule next year, it will take the most vigorous economy and careful management to meet the demands on the treasury for the coming year. This appeal to the undergraduates was only made as a last resort, after every possible outlet to the situation had been considered. It is not a pleasant duty to discharge, but it is one that is imperative in its demands and one that cannot be honorably evaded.

WHAT NEXT?

BY THE time the April LIT. is in the hands of its readers, it is quite possible that a name will have been chosen for a certain building which will be less objectionable and less "prejudicial to the fair name of Princeton" than *The Casino*. When we look at this matter from a broad point of view, it is clear that the word "casino" is suggestive of so much that is wicked and low and vile that we must straightway subscribe to the sentiments of the Board of Trustees, and demand that the name be instantly changed.

We have never before regarded the question from this standpoint. We humbly confess to have always labored under the misapprehension that things should be called by their right names. But now the light of truth has penetrated the darkness of our souls and we have been led to see the folly of our ways. We are deeply repentant.

By no means then, let us call this new building *The Casino*. Would we have outsiders discover that we have a place on the campus for *dancing*? Would we flaunt in the face of an innocent public the disgraceful news that we have a special hall in which to hold *dramatic entertainments*? Would we brazenly make known to the world that *ice cream* and *lemonade* are actually consumed three times a year in one of the college buildings? Ah, no! Forbid it, ye gods!

And yet, by using the term *Casino* we openly testify that such degrading scenes do actually take place beneath these classic shades. Of course we shall constantly make use of the bowling-alleys and indoor tennis-courts, the dancing room, the stage and all the other implements of the devil—but for heaven's sake let us not call this hot-bed of wickedness by its right name! The word *Casino* might suggest to wealthy outsiders (and possible benefactors!) that we are utterly unworthy of their confidence and esteem.

Consistency, then art——what?

John Hamilton Thacher.

GOSSIP.

"The sun is set;
 Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
 The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red West."

—Bryant.

"Our youthful summer oft we see
 Dance by on wings of game and glee,
 While the dark storm reserves its rage,
 Against the winter of our age."
 —Scott's "Marmion."

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow."
 —"Romeo and Juliet."

THE Gossip lay, half reclining, half-sitting, on the grassy bank which borders Mercer street near "Guernsey Hall." Back of him the rhododendrons were in full bloom. The great white peristyle gate, a little way down to the left, threw long shadows across the street and loomed up against a dark background of distant firs. The cloudless sky overhead was tinged with a rosy glow, for it was the hour of sunset. On all sides could be heard the cries of robins as each sought shelter and repose for the coming night. Directly in front, the great iron water-tower soared up into the burnished sky, while behind it, stretching away to the highlands, lay green and yellow fields, dotted here and there with dark patches of woodland. Here and there also, could be traced the country roads, like brown ribbons, cutting through the verdure.

Nestled in the valley, the white houses of "Penn's Neck" glistened in the last rays of the sinking sun, while more distant farm-houses and white-washed sheds shone like bits of porcelain in the green carpet.

All nature was in repose, not a human figure was in sight, and the cry of the robin was broken only occasionally by the shout of some urchin at play in the streets of the town or by the faint momentary sound of clattering horse-hoofs and rumble of wheels as they passed over a stone culvert.

And as the Gossip lay there this bit of verse of Bryant's was brought to mind:

"When insect wings are glistening on the beam
 Of the low sun, and mountain-tops are bright,
 Oh, let me, by the crystal valley stream,
 Wander amid the mild and mellow light;
 And while the wood-thrush pipes his evening lay,
 Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day."

Yes; it was the setting day, and before very long the sun shall have gone down on the last day of our college course; even now it is the sunset of that happy, free and careless undergraduate life.

Before very long we shall echo the cry of the gladiator of old, "Oh, world, we, who are about to labor, salute thee!"

A few more weeks with their base-ball games, campus singing, dances, dramatic entertainment, cannon exercises and class dinner, then all will be over.

Oh, how those few weeks fly! They seem but as minutes, and events crowd fast upon one another. In Junior year we looked forward to and enjoyed all of this, for we knew that it was not the end for us. But, now that we ourselves are to be ushered out, that we are the parting guest who is to be sped, things take on a much more serious aspect.

College life is real—as real as the life which is to follow, but it is real in its way—an ideal way. We know just what to expect, the difficulties which are going to oppose us, and we prepare for them. "Forewarned is forearmed."

Then it is idealized in the memories which cluster about the life; anecdotes and tales of those who have gone before; customs and traditions which have been handed down.

But once our time comes to leave here—what a change!

Beneath these classic shades we work or play and our three meals are assured. But when our Princeton days have faded into a memory, when we face the stern realities of life, we will begin to realize that all things do not come so easily.

There are people who have never been to college who consider those four happy years a wanton waste of time. Perhaps they are justified in thinking so. They read accounts of foot-ball and base-ball games in the daily papers throughout the year, but those same dailies do not tell of the long winter evenings faithfully spent in laborious preparation for the next day's routine, or of the trying examination times when our eyes grow heavy over our task, and the fire in our grate burns low, and the little clock on our mantel ticks out the "wee sma' hours."

But there is more than mere book-lore to be gained. The Gossip believes the American college education to be liberal in every sense of the word. But, at the same time, the Gossip does not believe that every one should go to college. There are two kinds of men whom a college education will benefit and a third who will derive from it no advantage whatsoever.

And first among those who should go is the student; and he will be fitted for his profession even if the horizon of his life be bounded by the margins of his books. Then there is the man who, perhaps, in his odd moments is as hard a student as his more conscientious classmate, who perhaps never came to college with the expectation of preparing for a professional career; but nevertheless he has considerable versatility, and you will find him taking the Christmas trip with the Glee

Club; or temporarily clad in histrionic garb he will greet you across the foot-lights in University Hall; or having attained to the dignity of an editorial position, he will give a completeness to our college life by the news he has gathered, the story he has written, the cartoon he has drawn; or finally, down at the 'Varsity grounds you may hear the crowd cheer him as he knocks the home run which brings the victory to his Alma Mater.

In this way he comes in contact with men of various types, with men whose thoughts and ideals and aspirations differ from his own; and so he will learn human nature and what he is to expect of it. In this busy world of ours, where each of us must work out his own salvation, where all our dealings are with our fellow-men, human nature is a good thing to learn and understand.

But we must not forget to mention that nondescript individual whom the Gossip half suspects is secretly regretting that he has not availed himself of any of the opportunities within his reach. The Gossip's heart goes out to him in sympathy, for he has missed so much that is good and wholesome in this little college world of ours—and all because of his own distorted notion of what a college education should be.

He is often reticent and distant in manner, he has little or no talent and cares nothing for his books. Generous and good-hearted, perhaps, but still not identified with any of the serious activities of undergraduate life, his absence is seldom regretted and often not even noticed.

Would it not have been better for him never to have come to college at all?

The Gossip was once moralizing in this vein to a small gathering, including the lanky, tired Senior.

"Well," said a nervous little Junior, "a man doesn't like to admit that he's in the last class, so how is he to know?"

"Easy enough," drawled the lanky, tired Senior; "ask some friend of yours who's bigger and stronger than you, and hence not afraid of you, and if he's blunt and to the point you'll know soon enough."

"Thinking of angels," thought the Gossip, as on looking up the road he recognized the swinging stride of the lanky, tired Senior coming toward him in the now fast-gathering dusk of evening.

He had both hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, while his head was bent forward and his eyes were fixed steadily on some point in the road about four feet in front of him. He would have passed by had not the Gossip called to him.

"Hello, old man," he answered in return to the Gossip's salutation, "what are you doing out here all by yourself?"

"Thinking a few thoughts," answered the Gossip. "Do you realize, my dear fellow, that we've not much more time to spend amid these surroundings?"

"Do I realize it? Yes, I do; and then again, somehow, I can't. Why, it seems only yesterday that we were Freshmen, dodging around trying

to keep out of the Sophomores' way. But when you come to think over all the events that have taken place since that time you feel that its a long while ago—Gossip," he suddenly exclaimed, "do you know it's going to come hard for me to give this all up—the fellows, the life, the buildings, the dear old place?"

Gossip said nothing; silence in this case seemed more eloquent than words.

Together we passed up the street, the Senior still keeping his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground in front of him. Neither spoke a word. As we neared the campus the songs of the Seniors were faintly borne to us. We passed up by the Observatory and along the walk past Alexander. Old Witherspoon loomed up as it had always done—as we had always seen it—but never before had it appealed to us so strongly. It was a grand building and we loved it. Reunion and West stood out black before us—plain old structures, but—

"Then we'll banish care and sadness
As we turn our memories back
And recall those days of gladness
'Neath the Orange and the Black."

The Senior and the Gossip stood in the quadrangle just back of Old North, and as the words came softly from the "steps" each involuntarily grasped the other's hand in firm hold.

"Good night, old man!"

"Good night!"

Franklin B. Morse.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Fare you well, and if forever,
Then forever, fare you well."

—Byron.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we graduate."

—Editor's Table 1895.

ANOTHER year has hurried by, and it becomes the duty of another custodian of the ancient Table to lay down his well-worn quill and give way to his successor. We can linger only to say a parting word before we go, then turning our back upon the old sanctum where we have tarried for a year, we hurry around the corner of Reunion to Alexander Hall, there to be decorated with a dip, and then away, away on the journey of life.

When the present editor of this department was initiated into the mysteries of the Lrr. sanctum, a year ago, and had thrust upon him the duties of Exchange Editor, he marveled at the utter disregard of responsibility, the *nonchalance* with which the outgoing Board inflicted our callow self upon an unsuspecting public; nor has our wonder ceased as time passed. But as no assaults, lynchings or other like casualties have been visited upon that former Board, we venture to hope that our poor effusions have fallen into lenient hands and our numerous mistakes have been condoned. However faulty may have been his efforts, The Table has, at all times, endeavored to conduct his department in a spirit of fairness—to praise where praise has seemed to him due; nor has he shrunk from speaking plainly words of blame, whenever and wherever he has found such a course necessary. Above all has he endeavored to avoid allying himself with a certain class of editors who have seen fit to pervert the true function of the exchange department for the purpose of organizing a mutual admiration society.

It has been utterly impossible, in view of the large number of journals which do us the honor of exchanging with us, to render justice to all, and doubtless many meritorious productions have escaped our notice. It is frequently the case that a really excellent thing will find its way into a journal which does not, as a rule, maintain a sufficiently high standard to merit regular monthly reviews, and such productions sometimes lose the recognition due them. For such cases we can only express our regret.

If our year's experience in keeping a close watch of college literature has revealed to us its many excellencies, and has convinced us that the hope of the American literature of the future rests to a greater degree than ever before with college men, it has also revealed to us some defects. For no one will deny that our best literature has their faults. It has

therefore occurred to The Table that he could not use to better advantage this last opportunity of saying a word to his friends of the other colleges than by endeavoring to point out what he conceives to be the most urgent needs of our college lita.

Without doubt their greatest defect is the lack of a well-established and well-balanced editorial policy. By this I do not mean a lack of editorials as such. On the contrary, the editorials as such constitute one of their strongest points. It is in our lita, rather than in our newspapers, that we have learned to look for the strongest and soundest expression of college sentiment. It is rather the lack of a well-rounded development of the editorial departments—the departments which are conducted exclusively by the editors themselves, as distinct from their contributors—which we here lament. For example, many of our better lita omit entirely the exchange department. No word of acknowledgment is given the brethren of the craft from one year's end to another by such journals, and they seem, as it were, perched upon a pole in self-sufficient isolation—as if blissfully ignorant of the existence of anything approaching their own greatness. It is true that there is two sides to the problem of maintaining an exchange department. It costs both labor to the editors and money to the business manager. The only question is whether or not the results justify the expenditure of effort and of money. It is claimed by some that they do not, for no one reads the exchange department, that is, no one in the journal's own college, or, at best, but a very few. Granted. But I do not ask anyone in my college to read the exchange department. I do not expect it to be read there. For it is not intended for such. It is written particularly for my friends in other institutions. There I find my constituency and that constituency, I make bold to claim, easily numbers as many readers as does yours, Mr. Gossip, or yours, Mr. Critic, or yours, Mr. Poet, with all your devotees in your own college. Do you deny it? Then listen while I give you a short lesson in arithmetic:

A journal has, say one hundred exchanges on its list. Each exchange has an Editorial Board of ten members. If each member of these Editorial Boards reads the Exchange department of the journal in question, how many readers has its Exchange editor?

A thousand, of course, you readily compute.

Now, do you average a thousand readers? I doubt it.

Nor will you deny that my figures are fairly chosen, for you know too well how quickly you, as well as every Editor on the Board, turn to the Exchange department of a magazine the moment you take it from the mail-box, ignoring all other departments, and scan its pages for a review of your article in the last number of your own lit. While some of the Editorial Boards do not number as many as ten members, others have a dozen, some fourteen, and many even more. If you object that one hundred is a large exchange list, that the smaller lita do not maintain so large a number, let me remind you that the subscription list of such

journals is likewise smaller, thus reducing your own number of home readers.

But enough about the exchange department, for I think I heard a muffled yawn. I could run on a half dozen pages more in this vein—but don't be alarmed, I do not intend to do so. Suffice it to say that the exchange department is one which any well-balanced amateur magazine cannot afford to dispense with, and it deserves more space than is at present accorded it by most of our college journals.

But this is only one need. Just as urgent is that of more attention to criticism of current literature. Some of our exchanges give little space to such criticism; a larger number ignore it altogether. In some cases editorials proper need improvement. In general, more attention to all the editorial departments, with less careless work and more pages, would greatly enhance the value of the average college lit.

Aside from editorial departments, The Table finds another need, which is almost universal, namely, a more symmetrical balancing of the different forms of literature. For the very short, pithy story, one naturally turns to *The Harvard Advocate* for the best work, or perhaps to *The Yale Courant*; for the bright essay, to *The Yale Lit.*, or *The Amherst Lit.*; for the longer story, to *The Harvard Monthly*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, and a few others. Good verse is scattering, being found now here, now there. *The Vassar Miscellany* can usually be relied on for something dainty in the way of poetry. But the point we are endeavoring to bring out is, that very seldom does one magazine preserve a just balancing of the various forms in all its numbers throughout the year. One journal is all stories, another runs to essays, and a third may combine both these, but give little attention to verse. Or perhaps the defect is in the lack of symmetry in different numbers of the same journal. One month a special effort is made to reach a high degree of excellence; the next number may be lacking in many or all the essentials of a first-class magazine.

Now, no one expects perfection. But mark, that is not to say that we should not strive for perfection. Let us always keep before us a high ideal, however often we may fall short of attaining to our ideal. Let us set up a standard, and endeavor each month with all our might to reach that standard. The Table has in mind such a standard. His ideal lit. would contain a couple of bright and light essays; three or possibly four stories—two long and two short ones; perhaps three bits of verse; from five to eight pages of editorials, and, say, fifteen pages devoted to the other editorial departments. Allowance should also be made for short sketches, and possibly for such nondescript contributions as College Kodaks in *The Harvard Advocate*. That plan gives us sixty-five or seventy-five pages of reading matter, which is by no means too much.

No review of the year's work of our college lits. can be attempted here. We may hope only to record general impressions. It is exceedingly difficult to say which of our exchanges has given us the best

volume; on that point probably no two critics would agree. A half dozen or more are always excellent and contain the best work of present college writers. These are *The Amherst Lit.*, *The Harvard Monthly*, *The Yale Lit.*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Williams Lit.*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Dartmouth Lit.*, *The Columbia Lit.*, *The Cornell Lit.*, and perhaps one or two others.

Of these undoubtedly *The Yale Lit.* maintains the greatest uniformity of excellence. It is always about the same. You have learned not to expect anything startling in it, either of merit or of demerit. Its weakness is a lack of stories, its strength, excellent essays. *The University of Virginia Magazine* bears favorable comparison with the best, being especially worthy of praise on account of the just distribution of its attention among the various forms of literature. Its stories are usually of a high order, and its verse is bright.

The Harvard Monthly, *The Amherst Lit.*, *The Wellesley Lit.* and *The Dartmouth Lit.* are the leaders in typographical make-up, their tastily covers perennially allowing the reader to penetrate within.

The Smith College Monthly, though young in years, has gained a name for itself among the best, and *The Wellesley Lit.* is quite its equal in point of contents. Both these journals, as well as *The Vassar Miscellany* and *The Brown Magazine*, continue their policy of accepting contributions from graduates, which The Table believes to be a diversion from the true purpose of the college magazine. While it may sometimes give us better work, it stifles effort on the part of the undergraduates, and so defeats the chief aim of the college magazine, viz., to develop young college writers. We cannot lay down the editorial quill with a clear conscience without expressing the hope that this pernicious and puerile policy may, with the coming in of the new board, be abolished.

The Harvard Advocate and *The Yale Courant* are unique in college journalism. Both are excellent in the field of the short-story. The former continues to seek cheap notoriety by aspiring to be the *Town Topics* of college journalism, and no doubt will be found dallying with such risqué stories as "Kid," when our children and our children's children are reviewing the college magazines.

The Western Reserve Magazine is among our new friends. It is one of a number of new literary magazines which have come into existence in the past year or two, representing a movement toward better work from the western institutions, which leads us to expect better things from these institutions in the future than we have been accustomed to in the past.

Among other exchanges which have merited more attention than we have been able to accord them during the year are, *The Inlander*, coming from Michigan University; *The Vanderbilt Observer*; *The Kalends*, from the Woman's College of Baltimore; *The Wake Forest Student*; *The Tennessee University Magazine*; *The Wesleyan Literary Monthly*, *The Red and Blue*, of the University of Pennsylvania; *The Southern Collegian*, *The Trinity*

Tablet, The Yale Record, The Williams Weekly, The Lehigh Burr, The Lafayette, The Brunonian, The Tustonian, The University Courier, The Bodoin Orient, The Mount Holyoke, The Sequoia, The Oberlin Review, The Richmond College Messenger, The William and Mary Monthly, The Queen's University Journal, The Peabody Record, The Hamilton Lit, and a large number of others.

In accordance with a time-honored custom, it becomes our duty to give a parting review of our Princeton contemporaries, and we accept the task cheerfully.

We congratulate the *Princetonian* on the successful close of its third year as a daily. It has now become an indispensable factor in our little college world. On the whole it has been ably conducted during the past year, and has discharged its function as a news gatherer in a manner satisfactory to the students. The re-establishment of the department of literary criticism, The Table believes to be a mistaken policy, such a department being altogether aside from the function of a college newspaper. As might be expected, this department has received little or no serious attention from its editor, and as a result has been wretchedly conducted. Hence it serves no good purpose for the reader, but occupies space that might be given to news or to notices to good advantage.

The editorial department of the *Princetonian* has hardly reached our expectations, the expression of sound, undergraduate sentiment being the rare exception rather than the rule. That is not to say that the editorials for the present year have been inferior to former years. Former boards also have been faulty in this respect. In this department our daily is in marked contrast with the *Harvard Crimson* and the *Yale News*. These papers are most admirably conducted in respect of editorials—giving timely expression to student opinion on all questions of interest to their constituency. The chief motive which has seemed to animate the editorial quill of the *Princetonian* is to fill up the space rather than to say anything of importance. The space has usually been filled—if we are to count the heavy leads between the lines!

A marked improvement made by the newly-elected Board of Editors is the change in time of publication from evening to morning.

Our jolly friend *The Tiger*, while not always receiving the support he merits, has shown a marked improvement during the year both in point of appearance and in contents. Through much diversity he has waxed strong and bids fair to remain a permanent acquisition to our college journalism.

The Table is thoroughly convinced that the humorous paper has an important function in the college world, and so would bespeak for *The Tiger* a more cordial support than is at present accorded it.

Good verse was very rare in the March lits. We clip the following:

CONSUMMATION.

A weary task was set for him to do,
 And, with much toil, at length he had it done.
 Then, while he pondered on its beauty true,
 Again to him was given another one.

Death came, and touched his hand, and whispered, slow,—
 "Take one thing with thee, finished or begun."
 Into Death's face he looked, his head bowed low;
 Then to his heart he clasped th' unfinished one.

Elizabeth Dike Lewis, in Smith College Monthly.

A RAMBLING RHYME OF DOROTHY.

When ye Crocufs shews his heade
 & ye Wyndes of Marche have fled,
 Springe doth come, and happyiye
 Then I thinke of
 Dorothy.

Haycockes fragrant in ye sun
 Give me rest when taskes are done:
 Summer's here, & merryiye
 Then I dreame of
 Dorothy.

Scarlett leaves & heaping binne;
 Cyder, ye cool Tankard in;
 Autumns come. Righte jollyiye
 Then I drinke to
 Dorothy.

When ye Northe Wynde sweepe ye snowe
 & Icyckles hange all belowe,
 Then, for foothe, Olde Winter, he
 Letts me dance with
 Dorothy!

Arthur Cheney Train, in The Harvard Advocate.

BOOK TALK.

"Faites-moi quelque chose de beau, dans la forme qui vous conviendra le mieux, suivant votre temperament."

—*Guy de Maupassant.*

"Fiction is now a finer art than it has ever been hitherto, and more nearly meets the requirements of the infallible standard. * * * Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests; * * * and they cannot do this except from and through the truth."

—*William Dean Howells.*

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty."—*Keats.*

IT IS interesting—I will not say amusing—to observe how many novelists are kept busy explaining why the particular school of fiction to which they belong is destined to embody the ultimate form of literary art. Our excellent friends, the Impressionists (of whom, I suspect, too much has been said already), with a truly Utopian fervor, confidently assure us that a good time is coming when the minds of plain, blunt men can appreciate the "psychical drama" with its "artistic" vagueness, its jaundiced color, its conventional heroine of dubious decorum. That much maligned individual, M. Zola, blinded by an infatuation for Claude Bernard, the physician, still hurls defiance at the French Academy, and builds up his theory of the experimental novel; and with a "solid perseverance," which we can scarcely comprehend, he denounces the idealist, seeks to "reduce thought and passion to a formula" and novel-writing to the level of scientific analysis. Mr. Crawford, conscientiously working along quite another line, frankly accepts as inevitable what is certainly a dangerous modern tendency, and places the novelist on a par, let us say, with the dealer in soap; he would have us remember that the work of fiction is nothing more nor less than a commercial commodity; he would have us consider the novelist a business man, whose occupation consists in catering to a public which craves to be amused.

All of which, you perceive, is by way of introduction. The point I wish to make is, that no two men have ever held to precisely the same theory of fiction, and it is probable that no two men ever will. If Mr. Crawford persists in believing that the moralizing novelist tends to produce, in the long run, a very *de-moralizing* effect upon fiction as an art (and in this belief the history of fiction will bear him out), he will be roundly berated by any number of well-meaning people who are convinced that a story for the story's sake, a story which simply aims to amuse, is likely to degenerate into something about as far from Guy de Maupassant's ideal as the East is from the West. Observe, then, what Mr. Howells has to say:

"The fiction that aims merely to entertain—the fiction that is to serious fiction as the opera-bouffe, the ballet and the pantomime are to the true drama— * * * will not be gay or trivial to any reader's hurt, and criticism will hold it to account if it passes from painting to teaching folly. * * * There is a great deal of fiction which may be very well left to amuse us, if it can, when we are sick or when we are silly, and I am not inclined to despise it in the performance of this office."

But in spite of his gracious admission, it is plain that Mr. Howells has a conception of the scope and aim of fiction which is very different from Mr. Crawford's. He would seem to drive the novelist near to the verge of pointing a moral when he requires him to distinguish "so clearly that no reader of his may be misled between what is right and what is wrong, what is noble and what is base, what is health and what is perdition, in the actions and the characters he portrays." Yet if we look back of what he says, we cannot fail to see that he only requires the novelist to be simple, natural and honest, for with Mr. Howells simplicity, naturalness and honesty comprise the sum-total of the novelist's art. It is true that Mr. Howells has a way of putting on an amusingly patronizing air when he speaks of Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and all the romanticists of the old school; it is true that he is "not afraid to say now that the greatest classics are sometimes not at all great" (although, forsooth, he disclaims all credit for the discovery!); in fact, it is true that Mr. Howells is a realist of a very pronounced type, but a realist who has little sympathy with French naturalism in its grosser forms. He leans a little that way, I confess, when he observes that the ugly and vicious, cruel, filthy, cannot be "altogether loathsome, because the divine can never wholly die out of the human." (Assuredly that is a delightfully optimistic view of life; but the melancholy fact remains and even stares us all too plainly in the face, that this "divinity" is sometimes unevenly yoked with a good deal of devilry.) And yet, Mr. Howells' point of view is in many ways a healthy one, and it might be well for some of us, in our moments of sweeping denunciation, to remember that it is a realist who says: "No book written with a low or cynical motive could succeed now, no matter how brilliantly written; and the work done in the past to the glorification of mere passion and power, to the deification of self, appears monstrous and hideous."

In other words, viewing Mr. Howells' theory of the novel in the broadest light, he would have the writer of fiction true to himself; he would have him not only faithfully portray life, but also reveal its inner significance. When he ceases to paint things as they are and begins to paint things as they are not, he ceases to be a realist and becomes either a romanticist or a liar. Whether or not we debar, as Mr. Howells does, the romanticist from a legitimate place in fiction is another question. But Mr. Howells says so many true things that in judging a work of realistic fiction we cannot go far wrong in applying to it the principles he has laid down in our investigation of the nature and extent of its art.

With this understanding, then, let us glance for a moment at Mr. Warner's *Golden House*.* It is hard to determine just what is Mr. War-

* *The Golden House*. By Charles Dudley Warner. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

ner's theory of the novel. He has at times the power of analyzing emotions, which, I doubt not, would even satisfy the adherents of Zola and the experimental school; at other times he bears a strange and subtle resemblance to Mr. Crawford and we are led to believe that he is not altogether out of sympathy with his views. The *Golden House* is not a romance, nor, according to Mr. Howells, would it be strictly a work of realistic fiction. Let us seek, then, to discover wherein it fails of being realistic.

You will agree, I think, that Mr. Warner has given us some remarkably truthful pictures of New York city life. As far as mere description is concerned he has observed the canons of realistic art. The bedside of the dying girl in Rivington street, the little room dimly lit by a smoky lamp, the half-obscured figures of the agnostic woman doctor and the ascetic young priest—all go to make up a scene full of sweet pathos none the less sad because it is real. Mr. Warner is a keen observer, a close student of social life, and he has written down his impressions of that life with a fidelity to fact that gives to his novel the indefinable "atmosphere" of reality.

But what of his characters? you ask. Are they, too, real? No; and it is here that Mr. Warner has failed. The men and women he portrays are not individuals, they are types. They move about and talk, and your interest in them never for a moment flags; but you feel all the time that the writer is directing their movements from without, that he is putting the words into their mouths, but that he does not *live* in them himself as George Eliot lived. I would not call them "lay-figures," because they are infinitely more than that. Yet they do not *live*, they do not pulsate with feeling; and just in so far as they fail in that, to that extent Mr. Warner is not a realist. "*Si vis me flere*," said Horace, in the *Ars Poetica*, "*dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*."

Jack Delancey is typical of the large class of "society men" whose crowning virtue seems to be their good nature, who seldom think, who have little depth, and who, when married, become irritable and restless in the absence of the sort of female society to which they had become accustomed. Jack makes confidantes of the cigarette-smoking Carmen and of Miss Tavish, who dances the "serpentine"—not because he did not respect or love or trust his own wife, but because he felt that she was not in sympathy with the associations and the life he was leading. And in this Mr. Warner has struck the key-note to half the unhappiness in domestic life.

Ruth Leigh, the agnostic physician, and Father Damon are introduced into the story, each as the antithesis of the other. Both spend their lives in the slums, both are striking examples of self-sacrifice; but the woman, while lacking the man's belief in a future life, was yet following a great example in healing the sick, sympathizing with the poor and discouraged, and taking upon herself the burden of the disconsolate. But aside from all this, the question arises as to whether Mr. Warner

has not made a too common mistake in contrasting these characters so vividly after he had placed them side by side to undergo the same experiences in their work in the slums. It is here that he comes just a little too near writing for a purpose, and the effort verges very closely upon the artificial; for it is evident from the start what the inevitable result is to be.

The principle of contrast, moreover, goes to the root of the novel. But in setting off the rich against the poor, the good against the bad, the spiritual against the worldly, Mr. Warner is still able to refrain from moralizing. He is ever mindful of the fact that he is telling a story and not preaching a sermon. He gives us a vivid picture of New York social life, but he never for a moment imagines himself called upon to weave a socialistic problem into his book. He uses sympathy for the poor and oppressed as one of the materials of his art; he does not make it the ulterior purpose of writing his book in order to induce his readers to endow a charity hospital on the strength of his arguments. Above everything else the story is clean. Our choleric friend, the *Evening Post*, fretfully complains because Mr. Warner skates over thin ice without breaking through, and holds up to our gaze the example of the French writers, who vastly prefer the proximity of the danger sign to the solid ice of respectability. Perhaps, too, according to Mr. Howells, he would fail here of being a realist, because he is not absolutely true to the shady side of life; but this is an instance in which it is far better to fail than to succeed. Because his story is sweet and wholesome, it comes very near to Guy de Maupassant's ideal. Mr. Warner has honestly tried to "make us something beautiful, in the form which pleases him best according to his temperament."

If Mr. Warner has conscientiously avoided writing for a purpose, the author of the book* I have recently read makes no effort to conceal the fact that he intends to teach a lesson. In his preface he apologetically cites the opinion of "eminent educators" to the effect that fiction may be legitimately used for this end—as if the average "eminent educator" had the faintest conception of what the art of fiction means! Moreover, he refers you to *Waverley* and *Ivanhoe* as proofs of his belief that fiction may be employed to teach historical facts; but he seems to forget that Scott had no ulterior purpose other than that of writing a romantic novel with an historical setting, and that at times he would go so far as to clothe his fifteenth century knights in fourteenth century armor, if by so doing he could give his story a brighter coloring. Should you ever so far forget yourself in the perusal of *Daughters of the Revolution* as to imagine that you are reading a work of fiction, you will be quickly disillusioned by a dozen glaring foot-notes, which inform you that such and such a house is still standing, or that such and such a conversation actually did take place—all of which, please take notice, you may prove

**Daughters of the Revolution and Their Times*. By Charles Carleton Coffin. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

to your satisfaction by reference to certain historical documents! Here is an example of the way people talk:

"I have brought you a cheese which my father wishes you to accept with his compliments."
 "That is just like him; he always brings us something. Please say to him that Mrs. Adams and myself greatly appreciate his kind remembrance of us."
 "A tall lady with a comely countenance was descending the hall stairs."
 "Wife, this is Mr. Walden, son of our old friend; just see what he has brought us."
 "Robert lifted his hat and was recognized by a gracious courtesy."
 "How good everybody is to us. The ravens fed Elijah, but I don't believe they brought cheese to him. We shall be reminded of your kindness every time we sit down to a meal," said Mrs. Adams."

Could anything be more wooden? The characters have lost every semblance of reality; they talk like amateur actors who are not sure of their parts. The hero of the "novel" leads an uninteresting life and deserves no credit for being good, because he has no excuse for being anything else. He presents a cheese to Sam. Adams, buys a brooch for his sister at the shop of Paul Revere, takes a drink with John Hancock, stumbles across a host of other celebrities in the course of his wanderings, all of whom act like gentlemen or toughs, according as they happen to sympathize with the American colonists or not. We may say of this young man as Mr. Taine said of Sir Charles Grandison: "He is great, he is generous, delicate, pious, irreproachable; he has never done a mean action nor made a wrong gesture. His conscience and his wig are unsullied. Amen! Let us canonize him and stuff him with straw."

If, then, we must debar *Daughters of the Revolution* from a legitimate place in fiction for the reason that it is a text book in disguise (though, to be sure, the disguise is absurdly transparent!), we must also debar *The Story of Christine Rochefort*,* because the writer violates the rules of art by weaving a socialistic problem into the texture of her novel. It is right here that the *Golden House* is infinitely superior, for Mr. Warner is able to use social problems among the materials of his art, but he never for a moment allows them to become the ulterior motive for writing his book. Mrs. Prince goes beyond this. We are ever conscious of the Capital and Labor question looming up indistinctly in the background to destroy the effect of the novel as a work of the highest art.

In some ways *The Story of Christine Rochefort* bears a close resemblance to *Marcella*, but Mrs. Prince lacks the strength, the masculine grasp, the mental power, which are back of Mrs. Ward's book. For while certain knowing critics loudly denounce *Marcella* for being little more than a social problem with a sugar-coating of fiction, they seldom go so far as to ignore the magnificent character sketching which is beneath it all. It is the character of *Marcella* rather than any social problem which has made Mrs. Ward famous. But to return to the story in question:

Paul de Martel is an anarchist with (strangely enough) a grain of Tolstoi's philosophy in him, a man who has determined to "walk ankle

* *The Story of Christine Rochefort*. By Helen Choate Prince. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co.)

deep in blood" in order to accomplish his object; and yet you will find him a rather quiet person who, apparently, does not feel the necessity of waving a red flag in the face of Capital or of hurling a dynamite bomb into the midst of a crowd of innocent people. He does a good many sensible things and takes any number of foolhardy risks—as, for instance, that of making love to another man's wife. He is a little more impulsive, a great deal more sincere, but not nearly so sensible nor so real as Harry Wharton in *Marcella*, but his influence over Christine Rochefort is very much the same as Wharton's influence over Marcella. And yet we have little respect for Christine. Her sympathy is not so much for socialism as for a particular socialist; she would vastly prefer to lazily dream of what she knows she can never accomplish rather than, with Marcella, to comfort the Hurds in their lonely hovel, or to do some practical work in the London slums.

Here and there in the book we have delightful pictures of French rural life, and the description of the mob quelled by the brave Abbé Lemaire is one of the few really powerful passages in the book. The great fault, however, about the novel is this: the writer has tried to cast the glamour of romance about a commonplace tale in the hope that the old atmosphere of the historic town of Blois will penetrate unconsciously into her story, "like the scent of a dead rose." The fault, I say, lies in the fact that the atmosphere of the story is not romantic, and what is worse, it is not French; for I insist that every real French story must be suffused with the French spirit before it can possibly be true to French life. But as it happens Mrs. Prince is not a French woman; she is the victim of circumstances over which she had no control.

There is no lack of foreign atmosphere, however, in Mr. Hearn's *Out of the East*,* for it turns us far away from the well-worn topics of Western civilization and gives us a delightful glimpse into the inner life of the Japanese. The writer has caught the true oriental poetry of expression, and we can almost feel that we are seeing for ourselves the scenes and experiencing the emotions which he so vividly portrays. Whether he tells of the curious Japanese legends, or describes the naïveté of the Kyushu students, or initiates you into some of the mysteries of the Japanese customs, you will be carried along with him in full sympathy. When you close the book you will feel upon more intimate terms than ever before with our Eastern cousins. You will perceive, too, how vital is the difference between some of their ideas and our own, especially along the lines of ethics and aesthetics; you may even be led to doubt the boasted infallibility of our Western civilization. And if Mr. Hearn does at times adopt a sceptical tone in regard to Christianity, he at least gives us a clearer idea of the truth which is back of the Buddhist faith. Appearing as it does, when Japan's star is high in the ascendant, a still greater force is given to a book which, in itself, is of absorbing interest.

**Out of the East.* By Lafcadio Hearn. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Say what we will, however, of the prosaic character of our "Western civilization," we, too, have our traditions and fables and legends, which are fully as interesting in their way as those which have sprung from Eastern soil. No body of stories has become more firmly fixed in the English language than the numerous legends which centre about the name and deeds of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Tennyson has immortalized them in the *Idylls of the King*, and it is probably due to this fact that we are often tempted to forget that he was but repeating the traditions of the early centuries when he wrote his poem. At first sight it may, perhaps, seem strange that, of the three great cycles of epic poetry, only the Arthurian should have come down to us in the English language. The study of the causes which led to the popularization of these stories is full of interest.

Mr. Gurteen, in his work on the *Arthurian Epic*,* has made a careful investigation of the early history of the epic and of the steps by which the scattered fragments and songs, based upon ancient legends, became finally unified and assumed a definite form. The amount of work expended upon the production of the book is amply proved by the thoroughness of its treatment; especially well-arranged and clearly expressed are the chapters which deal with the historical aspect of the legends and which show the tremendous combination of forces and the widely divergent influences that entered into the composition of the epic. The later chapters of the book, I must confess, are rather too minute and technical to interest the average reader; but the critical examination of Tennyson's *Idylls*, as compared with the original epic, is of value as showing the progress in modern thought. In Tennyson we find the finish and polish, the mastery of poetic force, the attention to form, which are conspicuously absent in the early versions. But, at the same time, Tennyson's *Idylls*, on account of their fragmentary nature, lose much of the rugged grandeur of the original, and we miss in the Laureate's poem, beautiful though it be, the simplicity and power of its less artistic prototype, the Arthurian Epic.

All of which, you observe, has to do with history of a more or less mythical character. In Mr. Jusserand's *Literary History of the English People*† we view the beginnings of our literature in the light of historical facts. It is a curious thing that the greatest historian of our literature is a Frenchman, and it is no less curious that the present work, which promises (when completed) to form a valuable supplement to Mr. Taine's masterpiece, should also have been written by a Frenchman. What, then, are the points of view which these two authors have taken?

Essentially, Mr. Taine's purpose is to show a writer or a poet as the product of the age in which he lives. The times demand a certain kind

* *The Arthurian Epic*. By S. Humphreys Gurteen, M.A., LL.B. (New York and London; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

† *A Literary History of the English People* (Vol. I). By J. J. Jusserand. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

of writer, says Mr. Taine, and it is the duty of the historian to show how the demand is in every case supplied. In other words, men are not the creators of circumstances, but rather, circumstances produce the men. Mr. Jusserand, however, aims to point out clearly the relations of the people as a nation to the great literary movements; he has not written for us a history of literature, he has written for us a literary history of the people. Mr. Jusserand gives an account of the early Christian literature and of the prose literature of the Anglo-Saxons, which is more detailed than Mr. Taine's. He lays stress upon the deeply religious character of the first English books after the Norman conquest and seeks to emphasize the fact that our literature is firmly rooted in Christianity. But if we desire a clearer picture of the influence of the Norman speech in moulding the English language we must turn to Mr. Taine.

Mr. Jusserand is a conscientious, appreciative historian, but he is less of a philosopher, less of a critic than Mr. Taine. He has not the fine instinct which is able to seize upon central, dominating ideas, to the exclusion of numerous details which tend to obscure the main line of thought; for Mr. Taine is "daring in his researches, straightforward in his judgments, unmindful of consequences—mindful of Truth alone," and this, together with his vivacious style, his beautifully poised sentences, have justly placed his *History of English Literature* among the world's masterpieces. But there is freshness, sincerity, vigor about Mr. Jusserand's work; his point of view is essentially wholesome; he has written his *Literary History* not, primarily, because he thought it necessary, but because he "could not help it" (as he tells us in his preface)—because he "loved it so."

After all, it is the breadth and health of its point of view that will make Mr. Jusserand's history read by the people who are interested in the study of our literature. You will find here a very different kind of spirit, a much more truthful and honest spirit, than in Dr. Max Nordau's rabid *Degeneration*, in which monument of scientific iconoclasm the author has presented as gloomy, depressed and pessimistic a view of literature and art as it were possible to do. But Dr. Max Nordau is a more pronounced cynic than the vast number of melancholy individuals with whom we meet unawares in our every-day reading. I do not believe that pessimism is a profound creed. Certainly the sort in which young writers sometimes indulge, if genuine, is likely to rest upon too narrow an experience to be regarded with alarm. That is why the utterances of Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, in his *Meditations in Molley*,* strike one as amusing rather than serious. He dedicates his "bundle of papers imbued with the sobriety of midnight" to "the Devil and Dame Chance, the two most potent deities in literary fortunes as in all other sublunary dispensations." Like Oscar Wilde and G. Bernard Shaw, he is given to writing cynical epigrams, regards the world as a "huge farce," and at times tersely lays down as a self-evident truth the proposition

* *Meditations in Molley*. By Walter Blackburn Harte. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

that all men are rascals and hypocrites. Now and then he changes his tone, and says a good many sensible things, although at times he is so lacking in clearness and logical symmetry that the effort to "understand a plain man in his plain meaning" is quite impossible. At all events, the best essay in the book is probably the one *About Critics and Criticism*; and from this I shall take the liberty to quote a passage:

"The worst of being a professional literary critic is that you are brought into collision with so many fools every week—in gilt edges, cloth and paper covers. A man had far better ruin his palate as a tea-taster than poison the sources of his imagination and inner life as a literary taster. The average critic who is compelled to earn his livelihood by his pen usually exists in an atmosphere of hopeless contemporaneity. His examinations and his judgments in their very positiveness must necessarily be of the most perfunctory character. He is, with very few exceptions, in the same pickle as the unfortunate society reporter, who is obliged by his necessities to squander his life in the vestibule of "society," and hails every vapid young woman who makes her formal entrance into her gilded cage as a paragon of beauty and an Admirable Crichton in petticoats."

Enough of this. Let us glance for a moment at a volume of quite another sort. Professor Raymond's new book of poems* is, it must be confessed, a disappointment, after reading his works on æsthetic criticism. It is beautifully illustrated and tastefully bound; but when we have read the poetry we are led to ask whether it would not have been better for the author to restrict himself to the field in which he has made his reputation rather than to have ventured along unaccustomed paths. The poem entitled *A Phase of the Angelic*, strikes a deeper note than any of the others, and its technique is better; but too many of the poems are apt to sound like this:

"I sought the house Thanksgiving Day,
And found its inmates all away,
Save her who sat before the fire,
And by her side her palsied sire."

I have just finished perusing another book of verse, which bears the unsuggestive title of *Song Blossoms*.† Being the blossoms of some emotional experience, or, let us say, of some tender heart, it seems ruthless to touch them. We feel like protesting against our editorial fate, and with our critical face all puckered into a pout, to cry:

"Why should I stoop to diagnose?
To tear the petals from the rose
I never could endure."

And yet (how we like to say it!) for the sake of Letters, we must do a little "tearing." As one reads page after page of this little volume, he cannot refrain from asking the question: Why is it not possible for a woman, gifted with some sense for the beautiful and for poetic situations, to enjoy these emotions without feeling obliged to give them to

**Pictures in Verse*. By George L. Raymond, L.H.D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

†*Song Blossoms*. By Julia Anna Wolcott. (Boston: Arena Publishing Co.)

the world? For the world wants only the best, and that best is what is of intrinsic worth, in content and form alike. We must bear in mind that all our particular poetic experiences are not equally valuable to others. Leaving aside the emotional worth of the "blossoms," their manifest inferiority of form is sufficient to deny them any artistic quality; the versification is monotonous and likewise the rhyme; the diction is commonplace and conspicuous by the absence of what is called the "well-chosen word"; the sentiments are homely, wholesome and sweet, but seem to have a hard time proving their *raison d'être* in view of the difficulties under which they labor.

In addition to all this, the publishers were kind enough to send us a "literary note," in which we are grieved to learn that "no contributor of verse to current literature has achieved such a wide popularity among the readers who enjoy the best and most refined in literature as has Miss Wolcott;" and, further, that she "has a much wider range, and a more sure and delicate touch in all moods, than any other woman-writer of verse that we know of in contemporary literature." Again, we are informed that the volume "contains poems (including several hymns) appropriate for use in church and Sunday-school, on various occasions, from the joyous celebrations to the services for the departed." True enough; and I can imagine, under the circumstances, how glad the defunct person must be that he *has* departed! Still other poems deal with the "placid and ruffled stream of life as it is played out in thousands of quiet and happy and troubled homes;" and following an effusion entitled a *Chime for a September Wedding*, we are greeted with—

WELCOME TO BABY.

Coming in the bright midsummer,
When the blossoms deck the bowers,
Mayst thou, little heaven-sent treasure
Prove the fairest flower of flowers.

May the fates, thy future weaving,
Hovering o'er thy dainty bed,
Make thy life-web one of beauty,
Shower blessings on thy head.

Fill thy heart with joy and sunshine,
Keep thee free from all alarms,
As thou art when sweetly sleeping,
In thy mother's loving arms.

After which it is a relief to turn to Dr. Shields' new book on the question of church unity, for it at least gives us something worth thinking about. The title, the *United Church in the United States*,* sets before the reader the ideal to which the writer believes we are drifting by an inevitable law of development. This determines from the start the method of approach to the subject. Without entering into the philosophy or

* *United Church in the United States*. By Charles Woodruff Shields, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

dogmatics of the institutional problem, we are bidden to look at the practical condition of American Christendom, to study them in an historical spirit—which means that these conditions may be understood only as we ignore the accidents of the Christian development and recognize the fundamental forces at work. By an analysis of these present conditions the writer is forced to conclude that the old barriers set up by denominational existence are falling for lack of the support once given by external conditions which have now passed away. He sees the Congregational, Presbyterian and Episcopal concepts mutually affecting one another in matters of worship, polity and creeds, and he finds the drift of things strongly toward reunion.

The constructive part of Dr. Shields' work is based upon the Chicago Proposals of Church Unity made by the American Bishops, which he finds to contain the essentials of Catholic polity and doctrine. He brings a wealth of liturgical and ecclesiastical learning to substantiate his position, and at all times shows a breadth of view, a catholicity of feeling and a keen, historical insight into the problems of the church. His delightful manner and brilliant scholarship entice even lay readers to follow him to his conclusion, which seems to be that of Professor Fisher, of Yale, that "the centrifugal age of Protestantism is closed and the centripetal action has begun." We are proud to claim Dr. Shields as a Princeton man, for it is clear that the old spirit of statesmanship that led Princeton men to practically give birth to our constitutional life as a nation has found its able representative in the no less important sphere of ecclesiastical polity.

Some months ago the editorial egg was hurled with a good deal of vehemence at a book entitled *In the Quarter*, by Robert W. Chambers. The reason for this show of wrath on the part of the usually docile Critic was the decidedly "off-color" tone of the book; and it has since transpired that for that very reason the demand for the book was surprisingly large. However, the point I am driving at is that Mr. Chambers' latest book, *The King in Yellow*,* is even worse than *In the Quarter*, although in quite another way. It is romantic, in that things are deliberately described as they are not. The author is not bound to historical facts, because he has laid the scene of his stories in the twentieth century, and when a man portrays what is yet to be, he has opportunities for the wildest flights of his imagination. In *The King in Yellow* the imagination is morbid and cynical. The majority of the characters go insane, and the aim of the writer seems to be to portray the various garbs in which insanity may clothe itself. Mr. Chambers says nothing new, he hits upon no great truths, he does not even amuse; his book only leaves a disagreeable taste in one's mouth. In several places he has aped the impressionistic style, and here the influence of the book is healthiest because it is impossible to understand what the writer means to say. Besides all this, Mr. Chambers' art is bad. He has constructed

* *The King in Yellow*. By Robert W. Chambers. (Chicago: F. T. Neely, Publisher.)

his characters with absolutely no regard for the facts of life. They are unnatural and grotesque. Because the scene is laid in the future is no excuse; for it is to the everlasting credit of all the great geniuses that they are as true to the human nature of to-day as they were to that of their own times. However, I propose to quote a passage from one of the stories, entitled *The Repairer of Reputations*. (Let me explain that the Repairer of Reputations is a creature with artificial ears, a flat, pointed head, as small as a boy of ten, with the arms and legs of a man, whose eyes have a way of suddenly dwindling to a pair of green sparks, and who has a yellow face which he delights to have scratched by a cat! Assuredly a fitting model for a picture by Aubrey Beardsley!) But here is the quotation:

"I seized the tallow dip and sprang to the door. The cat passed me like a demon, and the tallow dip went out, but my long knife flew swifter than she, and I heard her screech and I knew that my knife had found her. For a moment I listened to her tumbling and thumping about in the darkness, and then, when her frenzy ceased, I lighted a lamp and raised it over my head. Mr. Wilde lay on the floor with his throat torn open. At first I thought he was dead, but as I looked, a green sparkle came into his sunken eyes, his mutilated hand trembled, and then a spasm stretched his mouth from ear to ear. For a moment my terror and despair gave place to hope, but as I bent over him his eyeballs rolled clean around in his head, and he died."

When we reach this point we are quite ready to cry out with Lear: "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten our imagination!"

After all it comes to this: Why do our good friends, the publishers, feel obliged to foist upon an unsuspecting public books about which no one cares, or at best, has only an idle curiosity? *Father Stafford*,* by Anthony Hope, is another case in point. It's exterior has the same delirium-tremens appearance as *The King in Yellow*, and the other books in the *Prismatic Library*, except that the green salamander on the cover is rampant upon a dark brown field instead of one of flaming red. The reading matter enclosed between the variegated covers was perpetrated some years ago—in fact, before Mr. Hope attained his reputation—and the book is published in the expectation that the later works of the author will give it a little reflected light. Certainly no one could be so foolish as to imagine that the book would reach any degree of popularity upon its own merits. Nor is Mr. Hope's fame sufficiently well-grounded to be able to bear such a dead weight as this. He has attained a certain amount of popularity by his pleasing work, but he has shown no elements which can assure him a lasting success. His work has, so far, been too versatile. *Father Stafford* contains neither the charm and sweetness of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, nor the sparkling cleverness of the *Dolly Dialogues*; it is the study of the development of an Anglican Father into a Romanist Cardinal, influenced by the love of a charming but wholly incompetent girl.

The strongest scenes in the book are the struggle of the priest with his passion and his experiences in retreat; but Mr. Warner has done

* *Father Stafford*. By Anthony Hope. (Chicago: F. T. Neely, Publisher.)

that kind of thing so much better in the *Golden House* that Mr. Hope is weak and tame by comparison. The "other fellow," who, of course, finally marries the girl, is an indifferent gentleman, who is as deeply in love as he can be and about as much in love as he ought to be. There are some mechanical entanglements in the plot, but the only one that appears to have much dramatic force arises from the fact that the priest and the "other fellow" are intimate friends. There may be an attempt in *Father Stafford* to outline a study, or rather a secret history, of the reasons for Cardinal Newman's apostasy, but this, I admit, is a matter of surmise, inasmuch as nothing is said about it in the book.

What, then, does this imply? It implies that the American reading public (who is a very amiable personage, I assure you), has lately acquired the bad habit of bowing down before Dame Fashion. Perhaps I am not clear—I mean, for instance, that if that prolific individual, Marion Crawford, should produce fifteen novels in the space of one year instead of his customary ten, the American reading public would swallow them all with the same avidity and would never seem to care whether the novelist's strength had become weakened by its diffusion over so large an area. I believe, moreover, that Mr. du Maurier is already assured of a tremendous sale for his forthcoming novels (should there be any) even if those novels happen to contain the most unmitigated trash. In short, we are fad-worshippers. Let us beware lest, blinded by this mischievous spirit, we become like Titania, enamored of an ass.

I have wandered from my subject and I must return. Let me give you, then, a piece of advice: if you are "blue," if you have "that tired feeling," if you are afflicted with any of those things which the multiplicity of our patent medicines profess to cure, and if what you need more than anything else is a good hearty laugh—a prolonged, resounding laugh, a laugh which will make your sides ache—read *The Adventures of Jones*.* I think that Mr. Carruth is the most delightful liar I ever met. There is a flavor about his stories which is only equalled by the escapades of the redoubtable Baron Munchausen, and the matter-of-fact way in which Jones recounts his adventures to his attentive listeners is no less amusing than the stories themselves. It makes little difference whether he describes his invention for extracting latent cat-energy, his thrilling ride on the cannon ball, his twisting of the tiger's tail, his duck geyser in Dakota or his absurd adventures in the region of the North Pole—it is impossible to discover which of them is the biggest lie. And your choice of the best story will depend entirely upon which one you read last.

You perceive that my moral nature is so perverted that I am able to derive more real enjoyment from an honest lie than from a miserable half-truth. Of late I have been wading through *The Yale Man Up to Date*† It is an unoffensive little book; it has wide margins, small pages,

* *The Adventures of Jones*. By Hayden Carruth. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

† *The Yale Man Up to Date*. By Jean Pardee. (New Haven: Price, Lee and Adkins Co.)

thick paper, a plethora of execrable drawings—and altogether the publishers have managed to swell it to a respectable size by a large number of ingenious devices. But the point I would have you understand is that Miss Pardee has given us a manifestly unfaithful picture of Yale life. For instance, she says:

"Few, if any, pass through Freshman year without having had the bloom rubbed off or at least diminished, and the student who does not know the world at the end of Sophomore year is a cad indeed."

How many Sophomores—or Seniors for that matter—do you think, "know the world?" And would you stigmatize them all as "cads" because they are ignorant of what will await them when they leave college? But that is not all. The style of the book is crude and immature; the writer very rarely sees things as they are, and when she does catch a faint glimmer of truth she is unable to adequately express herself; the sentences grate harshly on the ear; anti-climaxes and platitudes crowd the pages; and the "lightness of touch," so necessary in a book of this kind, is conspicuous chiefly on account of its absence. Like Pope, we find it impossible to be

"Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit."

And yet, in speaking of one of the character sketches which fill the latter part of her book, Miss Pardee tells us, with naïve simplicity, that it stands "out prominently in its freshness against a background of hackneyed subjects," and that it should, therefore, "attract a certain amount of attention." Here is a sample of the delightful freshness of style which makes it stand out so prominently:

"Moses is a character indeed. His real name is Moses Rosenblum. He was born in Hungary, in 1831, coming to America soon thereafter. He speaks fairly good English, slightly broken and intensely idiomatic, which makes him a very amusing sort of person. He has a name besides Moses. It is 'Shorty'."

Could anything be more absurd, more lifeless, more utterly childish? Imagine that being written by a grown woman! And imagine how little vanity she must have to be willing to sign her name to it!

But, after all, the fact to be considered is the narrowness of the point of view. We, of Princeton, have too much respect for our Yale friends to believe that their whole time is devoted to drinking beer at "Mory's" and flirting with antiquated New Haven "girls." We believe that the Yale man up-to-date has a serious side to his nature, that he does a great many sensible things, and that he may not justly be dismissed with the childish observation that he is a "creature of fads and fancies." Miss Pardee betrays a sadly limited vision, a distressingly weak grasp of her subject. Even the much abused *Harry's Career at Yale*, gives us a more truthful picture of Yale life than this. And it all comes of viewing that life from the outside. One must spend four years at a university before

he can catch its inner spirit, before he can come into touch with its traditions; he cannot do this by looking at the university from the point of view of a New Haven sidewalk. There is some truth in the observation about fools rushing in where angels fear to tread.

* * * * *

And here we must bring our BOOK TALK to a close. For one short year the Critic has passed judgment upon the motley pile of volumes which have lain heaped upon his table—one hundred and fifty of them in all. At times his work has seemed hard, and he has envied those less heavily burdened. Now and then he has half suspected that his critical flings have had a touch of bitterness beneath them—but that was when his eyes had grown heavy over his work, and when the books before him were many and long and stupid. You must forgive him, however, and forget his faults, for he has done his best. And so the Critic carefully wipes his faithful pen, makes his parting bow, and welcomes to his place the editor from Ninety-six.

Andrew Clerk Imbrie.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE BANISHMENT OF JESSOP BLYTHE. BY JOSEPH HATTON. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The publishers of this book have assured us that it equals Hall Caine's best work—we blush for the literary judgment of the publishers. It is true that murder, mystery, socialism and infidelity give it a modern tone, and that while England furnishes the romance, America, as usual, generously provides the cash. A wonderful cave in Derbyshire serves innumerable purposes throughout the story and occasionally diverts our attention from the lay-figures who strut weakly across the stage. The heroine's engagement is hardly announced before the former lover and real hero begins to show his usual strong will and bad manners; scandals arise on every hand; the banished Blythe suddenly returns glittering with American diamonds only to be promptly murdered. Then everybody settles down to revel in wealth's enjoyments and spend the remainder of their lives in luxury and ease. Verily, 'tis a masterpiece of literary art!

THE AIMS OF LITERARY STUDY. BY HIRAM CORSON, LL.D. (New York: Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth avenue.) Price, 75 cents.

The keynote of Prof. Corson's stimulating little work is found in the following sentence: "A teacher without inspiring power should have nothing to do with conducting literary studies." He points out very clearly the fault of modern education in the department of literature, which lays stress upon the technical side at the expense of the spiritual. In other words, it is the "inspiring vitality of thinking" which makes

literature a living force, and not peculiarity of style. We must look back of the words for the subject matter—for the whole *meaning* of the author; we must have a deep and abiding love for literature as an art, and it is one of the glaring imperfections of our educational machine that students are not given the time to do the outside reading so necessary for true culture. It would be interesting to contrast Prof. Corson's views on the philosophy of literature with those of Mr. Taine, but space forbids.

THE ALHAMBRA. BY WASHINGTON IRVING. (Edited by Arthur Marvin.)
(New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The text in this volume is that of the complete edition published by G. P. Putnam in 1849, which was revised by Irving himself. Mr. Marvin has supplemented the text with notes which explain all the important allusions throughout the book and which are primarily intended to be of service to the instructors and pupils in secondary schools. The clearly and concisely written introduction, partly the work of Prof. Phelps of Yale, gives the student a comprehensive idea of the place Irving occupies in American literature. Mr. Marvin's appreciation of the great writer is apparent, and his new edition of the "Spanish Sketch-Book" will do much to arouse in Americans a deeper interest in the "true beginner of American fiction."

THE STORY OF VEDIC INDIA. BY ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In this, the latest volume of the "Story of the Nations" series, Mr. Ragozin has given us a straightforward account of the superstitions, mythology, legends and fables of Vedic India, together with a comprehensive view of its literature. He devotes several pages to a consideration of its geography, and comments at some length upon the beauty of its natural scenery. Towards the close of the book, the author explains the Indian cosmogony and philosophy and shows that the transition was gradual from pure nature worship to the transcendental metaphysical mysticism of Brahmanism. The Vedic Indians were essentially Fire-Worshippers, and after repeatedly "reaching out for Monotheism, they missed it at last and found instead Pantheism, which they held fast."

RHYTHM AND HARMONY IN POETRY AND MUSIC. BY GEORGE L. RAYMOND, L.H.D. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Professor Raymond's latest volume is intended to take up the discussion of the general subject at the point where it was dropped in his previous work on *The Genesis of Art-Form*, and to study the developments in poetry and music of rhythm and harmony. He has held in view two objects—the one philosophic, the other practical: First, to discover the causes underlying the effects of art, which "are in themselves as interesting as any underlying the effects of nature;" and second, to enable critics and people in general "to appreciate and enjoy that in art which is excellent." The volume also contains a comprehensive essay on *Music as a Representative Art*.

THE ESSENTIAL MAN. BY GEORGE CROSWELL CRESSEY, PH.D. (Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, Publisher.)

The writer's purpose has been to briefly and concisely reply to the question so often propounded by the class of men who can accept as conclusive neither the testimony of assumed supernatural Revelation nor the alleged direct evidence of so-called Spiritualism, namely: "To what result does a logical consideration of all the facts of life lead us? Especially (in view of modern knowledge), what does the unaided intellect of man teach in regard to the great problem of the future?" The discussion is occasionally abstruse, but throughout, the presentation has been as popular as the treatment of the subject will allow.

THEY CALL IT LOVE. BY FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"They call it love." That is strange. A case of poor judgment, I should say. Why not be honest and call it insipid sentimentality?

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